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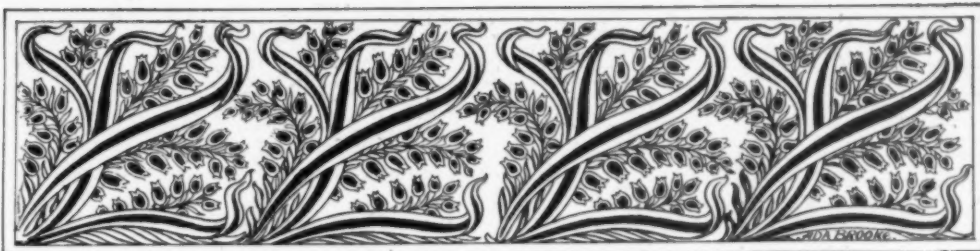
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Frontispieces.

	PAGE		PAGE
THE BOYHOOD OF CHOPIN. <i>From the Picture by</i> ANDREW GOW, R.A. <i>to face</i> 1		THE BROKEN PITCHER. <i>From the Picture by</i> J. B. GREUZE	409
"BARRING OUT." <i>From the Painting by</i> RALPH HEADLY	71	GLENDALOUGH. <i>Drawn by</i> A. R. QUINTON	479
THE HUGUENOT. <i>From the Picture by</i> SIR J. E. MILLAIS, F.R.A., BART.	137	"THE SILENT EVENING HOUR." <i>From the Painting by</i> J. B. LEADER, R.A.	515
JOHN RUSKIN. <i>From a Photograph by</i> FREDERICK HOLLYER	207	THE WRECK OF THE "MINOTAUR." <i>From the Painting by</i> J. M. W. TURNER, R.A.	615
"HER MOTHER'S VOICE." <i>From the Picture by</i> W. Q. ORCHARDSON, R.A.	273	THE IDLE SERVANT. <i>From the Picture by</i> NICHOLAS MAES	681
A FRIENDLY GREETING. <i>Drawn by</i> W. THOMAS SMITH.	343	AN OFFER TO TOW. <i>Drawn by</i> GORDON BROWNE, R.I.	751



INDEX.

(1898-9.)

	PAGE		PAGE		PAGE
Acadians at Belle Ile, Longfellow's. (E. Harrison Barker)	426	Carrara, The Quarries of. (Helen Zimmern.) Illustrated	712, 780	London, The Port of. (W. J. Gordon.) Illustrated :-	
After-thoughts. (See <i>Second Thoughts</i> .)		Chess. (See <i>Fireside Club</i> .)		Imports—Tea, Indigo, Ivory, Spices	24
Agriculture, Possibilities of. (W. J. Gordon.)	380	Chess Match, A Record. (J. A. Green)	534	Opium, Quinine, Ginger Wine, Perfumery, Silk, etc.	88
America, Gentlemen in : How some Earn a Living. (Mary B. Wetherbee)	184	Cholera in Naples. (See <i>Naples Aghast</i>)		Tobacco, Silk, Feathers	155
Anecdotes, A Parcel of. (Elsa D'Esterre Keeling)	594, 667	Clocks at Windsor, The Queen's. (Ernest M. Jessop.) Illustrated	44	Cold-Storage, Grain, Oilcake, Timber, Rum, Canes	231
Apothecaries' Hall. (W. J. Gordon.) Illustrated	560	Competitions, Prize. (See <i>Fireside Club</i> .)		Imports compared with Exports, The Balance of Trade, London Ships, The Coasting Trade	311
Australian Aborigines Beliefs and Customs. (R. A. Gregory)	466	CYNTHIA. (Charles Lee.) Illustrated	409, 479, 545, 615, 681, 751	Merchants of the Steelyard, Growth of Trade, Rise of English Shipping	375
Australian Stories. (Lilian Turner.) Illustrated by Gordon Browne, R.I. :-		Diving Adventures. (W. B. Northrop.) Illustrated	659	Longfellow's Acadians at Belle Ile. (E. Harrison Barker).	426
How the Emu lost his Wings	399	Dunes are Made, How	600	Louder, A Visit to. (May Crommelin)	289
How the Lyre Bird won his Tail	404	Emperor on his Travels	394	Lumbering on the Ottawa. Illustrated	149
Little Legs of the Kangaroo	537	Engadine, Reminiscences of. (Catherine Gurney)	656		
My Lady's Fingers	601	Engraved Shells. (A. W. Buckland)	252	Maiden Speeches. (James Sykes)	318
Making of the Magpie	739			Mines, Horses in. (J. Rees)	389
Blackening of the Swan, The	799			Names, Our English. (Margaret M. Verney)	556
Baku and the Fire Worshippers. (George D. Mathews, D.D.) Illustrated	566	Fables of Hadja Nasreddin	194	Naples Aghast. (Dr. Louis W. Sambon.)	442, 501
Belfast, The Port of. (W. J. Gordon.) Illustrated	695	Figure Heads of Royal Navy. (A. S. Hurd.) Illustrated	454	Northern Peculiarities of Speech. (M. E. F. Morris)	295
BIOGRAPHY. (See also <i>Over-Sea Notes and Varieties</i> .) With Portraits :-		Fire Islands. (Dr. Louis Sambon.) Illustrated	108, 172, 257		
Bismarck, Major. (Travers Buxton)	180	Fireside Club	67, 134, 203, 270, 338	Old Age Insurance in Germany. (M. A. Morrison)	285
Bismarck and his Boswell. (M. A. Morrison)	17		407, 474, 554, 610, 679, 747, 810	One of Nelson's Captains. (Walter Jeffery.)	58
Bismarck, Painted by Himself. (M. A. Morrison)	219	Fire Worshippers. (See <i>Baku</i> .)		Oratorios, New. (See <i>Perosi</i> .)	
Blackwoods, The, A Great Publishing House. (John Dennis)	250	Fog, A Little. (Lieut. W. Johnson, R.N.R.)	50	Ottawa, Lumbering on the. Illustrated	149
Chopin, Frederic. (Charles Lee)	14	Forests I have Camped in. (Dr. Gordon Stables)	633	OVER-SEA NOTES. (From our own Correspondents) :-	
De Lamennais, The Abbé. (E. H. Barker)	701	French Presidents. (See <i>Biography</i> .)		Alcohol Monopoly in Russia	541
Fortane, Robert. (W. J. Gordon)	448	Gentlemen in America : How some Earn a Living. (Mary B. Wetherbee)	184	American Exports	200
French Presidents, The. (E. H. Barker)	395	Germany for Poor English	430	American Pensioners	336
M. Carnot		Glasgow. (W. J. Gordon.) Illustrated	758	Arabic Numerals	335
M. Casimir-Perier		Gulls, Sea. (Lieut. W. Johnson, R.N.R.)	729	Autographs, Private Collection	403
M. Félix Faure				Bookmark with a Mission	200
M. Grévy		Haunted House in Japan. (S. Ballard)	354	Bore in the Bay of Fundy	806
M. Emile Loubet		Herodotus as Naturalist	802	Boston Street Cars	200
Marshal Macmahon		Horses that work Underground. (J. Rees)	389	Cables, Great Ocean	745
M. Thiers				Cachés, Wayside	471
Hutton, Richard Holt. (John Dennis)	664	Imports. (See <i>London</i> .)		Canada and U.S.	404
Oliphant, Mrs. (John Dennis)	572	Instinct and Intelligence. (Florence Anna Fulcher)	103	Canal, A Great German	403, 805
Palgrave, Francis Turner. (John Dennis)	451	Ireland, Cycling in. (A. R. Quinlan.) Illustrated	509	Chavennes, M. Puvion de	199
Perosi, Lorenzo. (Eleonore D'Esterre Keeling)	582			Child Emigrants in Quebec	104
Reeve, Henry. (J. Dennis)	95	JOHN ENGLAND'S OUTGOING. (Elsa D'Esterre Keeling.) Illustrated	644, 718, 768	Chinamen in Bond	608
Riou, The "Gallant and Good." (Walter Jeffery)	58	Journalist, Life of a Famous. (See <i>H. Keene</i> .)		Coins, Small	132
Ruskin, Mr. A Life of Eighty Years. (S. G. Green D.D.)	224			Curfew Law in Canada	609
Tilly in Rothenburg, With. (Eleonore D'Esterre Keeling)	496	Kea, The Sheep-eating Parrot. (Dr. F. Truby King.) Illustrated	592	Dakota Reform	673
Wesley, A Slander upon John. (Sir R. F. D. Palgrave, K.C.B.)	383	Ladies' Gallery in Old House of Commons. (Mary E. Palgrave.) Illustrated	491	Dispensaries in America	542
Wolf, Joseph. (Charles Whymper)	531	Lapland by Railway, To. (James Baker.) Illustrated	569	Domestic threatening Revolt	743
Blue-Coat Girls. (Alice Graveson.) Illustrated	359	Lipari Islands, The. (See <i>Fire Islands</i> .)		Earth Eaters	403
Bower Birds	807	Literary Relic of Scott, A	801	Epitaphs in Tyrol	805
By FANCY LED. (Leslie Keith.) Illustrated	161, 237, 299, 366, 430, 515, 575	Locks and Keys, Old. (H. A. Heaton)	323	Excavations at Chersonesus Taurica	607

OVER-SEA NOTES (continued):—		PAGE	SCIENCE AND DISCOVERY (continued):—		PAGE	SHORT STORIES AND SKETCHES (continued):—		PAGE
Italy increasing in Area	65		Arithmetic, Primitive	334		Khan's Musician, The. (Charles Lee)	39	
Katsu, late Count	805		Balloon Signalling, Electric	804		Illustrated	39	
Kingsford, the Late Dr. W.	131		Bees which Burrow	198		Lover of the Beautiful. (A. Ida Lemon)	586	
Libraries, Children's	673		Beetles, South African	402		Primitive Pot, A. (Charles Lee)	177	
Medical Implements, Ancient	744		Buoys, Self-Lighting	196		Sir Jasper's Heir. (Lena Tyack)	117	
Monte Carlo Finances	541		Canal cut by Mechanical Navy	197		Wapping Philosopher, A. (Harry Davies)	326	
Mormons and Polygamy	607		Clouds, Heights of	604		Speeches, Maiden. (James Sykes)	318	
Niagara, Border Incident	542		Cuckoo, Habits of	540		Star Chamber, The. (Sir Reginald F. D.		
Nicaraguan and Panama Canal	64, 265		Digging by Machinery	61		Palgrave, K.C.B. Illustrated	37	
Olfactory Nerves and Sex	675		Domesticated Animals running wild	803		Statue, Genesis of a. (Helen Zimmern)	712, 780	
Ottawa, Government Printing	745		Dragon, A Fossil	61				
"Paris" Etymology of	744		Dredger, A Powerful	198				
Peace Manifestoes	130		Ear and Identification, The	63		Tea-Table Topics. (See Fireside Club.)		
Perfumes, French	336		Electrical Action between Ships	742		Thames Barges	526	
Post-Offices, American	745		Electricity on Plants, Influences of	197		Thursday Island. Illustrated	789	
Railways in Canada	806		Electric Trains in Tunnels	803				
Railway System, American	470		Fires in Mines, Spontaneous	803		Vegetable Galls. Illustrated	792	
Russia, Illiteracy in	335, 744		Fossil Rain Prints	671		Volcanic Island. (See Fire Islands.)	792	
Russian Censor	65		Games, Children's	130				
Russian Railways	131		Gold Nuggets, Origin of	332		War of the Future. (M. A. Morrison)	500	
Scott in Boston, Sir Walter	403		Heads, Long and Round	263		Wealth, Natural	543	
Shopping, American	673		Ice-Breaking Steamer	540		Women Poets. (John Dennis)	331	
Siberia	199		Iron, Extraction by Magnets	671		Women's Home Industries in London. (F.		
Stars and Stripes	266		Lamp, New Electric	402		W. Newland)	188	
Street Locomotion	471		Life without Fresh Air	402		Words, Curiosities of	738	
Sultan's Private Life	199		Light of the Future	603				
Tall Buildings in New York	608		Lightning, Death by	742				
Tea Caravans	805		Lightning, Trees Struck by	742		Yangtze Valley	473	
Teachers in Russia	470		Liquid Air, Uses of	196				
Temperance Movement in Canada	607		Locomotive, Raw Materials for a	129				
Tsar, Life of	470		Longevity and Adolescence	803				
Vampires	65		Mackerel, Migrations of	262				
Vocabularies, Wealthy	675		Moon, Temperature of the	334				
Warring, Colonel	267		Mosquitoes and Disease	402				
Washington, Mr. Booker T.	405		Oceanic, The	332				
Wife's Cleanings, A	606		Perfume Making	63				
			Perfumes, Artificial	63				
			Photography in the Dark	741				
			Photography of Speech	262				
			Potato Disease	63				
			Propeller for Boats, Automatic	128				
			Propulsive Science	62				
			Röntgen Rays and War	334				
			Sawdust, New Use for	672				
			Shape of the Earth	539				
			Snake, Egg-Eating	672				
			Stings, Remedies for	334				
			Submarine Boats, French	401				
			Sugar as Food	804				
			Sun Worshipers	263				
			Tesla and the New Light	605				
			Timber Seasoning by Electricity	605				
			Torpedoes Steered by Electric Waves	605				
			Tortoiseshell	606				
			Totem Posts	333				
			Wasps, Intelligent	264				
			Wasps' Stings	743				
			Winter Refugees in Great Britain	61				
			Scott, A Literary Relic of	801				
			SECOND THOUGHTS:—					
			An Unknown Giver	55				
			Aurora Leigh	453, 598				
			Biography	55				
			Book-Taster, The	798				
			Citizens of the World	56				
			Conscience in Corners	54				
			Duty, A Passion for	56				
			German English	798				
			Imaginary Interview	55, 599				
			Macaulay, Lord	798				
			Our Former Selves	56				
			Poetical Fancies	57				
			SERIAL TALES:—					
			By Fancy Led. (Leslie Keith.) Illus-	161, 237, 299, 366, 430, 515, 575				
			trated	161, 237, 299, 366, 430, 515, 575				
			Cynthia. (Charles Lee.) Illustrated	409, 479, 545, 615, 681, 751				
			John England's Outgoing. (Elsa D'Es-	644, 718, 768				
			terre Keeling.) Illustrated	644, 718, 768				
			Prince and His Father, A. (M. A. Mor-	1, 71, 137, 207, 273, 343				
			risson.) Illustrated	1, 71, 137, 207, 273, 343				
			Servant Problem, American Difficulty	460, 599				
			(Alice Zimmern)	460, 599				
			Sharks. (F. G. Affalo)	330				
			Shells, Engraved. (A. W. Buckland)	252				
			SHORT STORIES AND SKETCHES:—					
			Dead Wife, The. (K. T. Hinkson)	99				
			Factory Lady, The. (Frederick Lang-	706				
			bridge)	706				
			Foolish Doings of Amy Finch, The.	783				
			(Frederick Langbridge)	783				
			Juana Garcia. (Constance Hastings)	391				

GR

29

86

77

17

86

18

37

80

526

789

792

500

543

331

188

738

473

676

474

810

66

133

473

807

676

808

406

677

269

808

610

405

809

542

543

474

676

338

610

808

677

808

268

542

405

809

269

337

543

677

66

609

473

676

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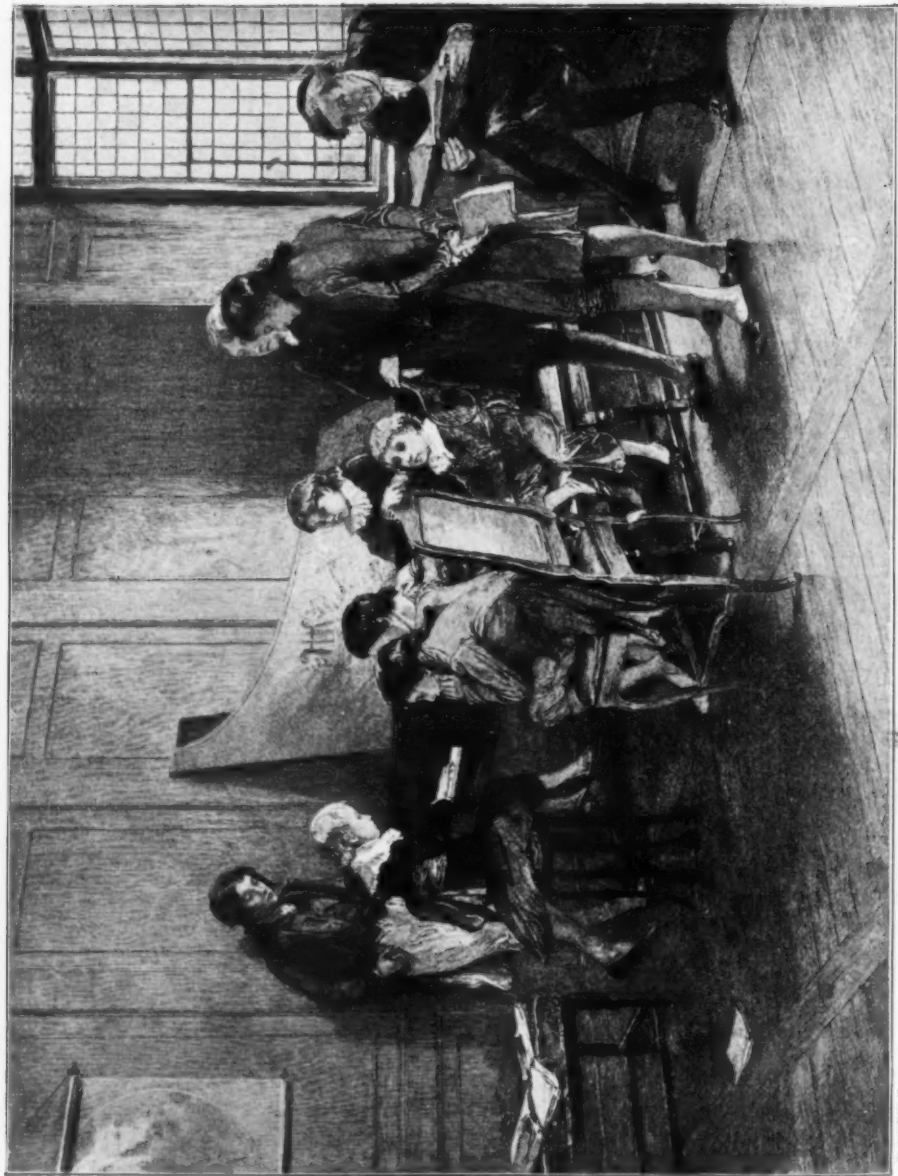
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473

133





BY ANDREW GOW.

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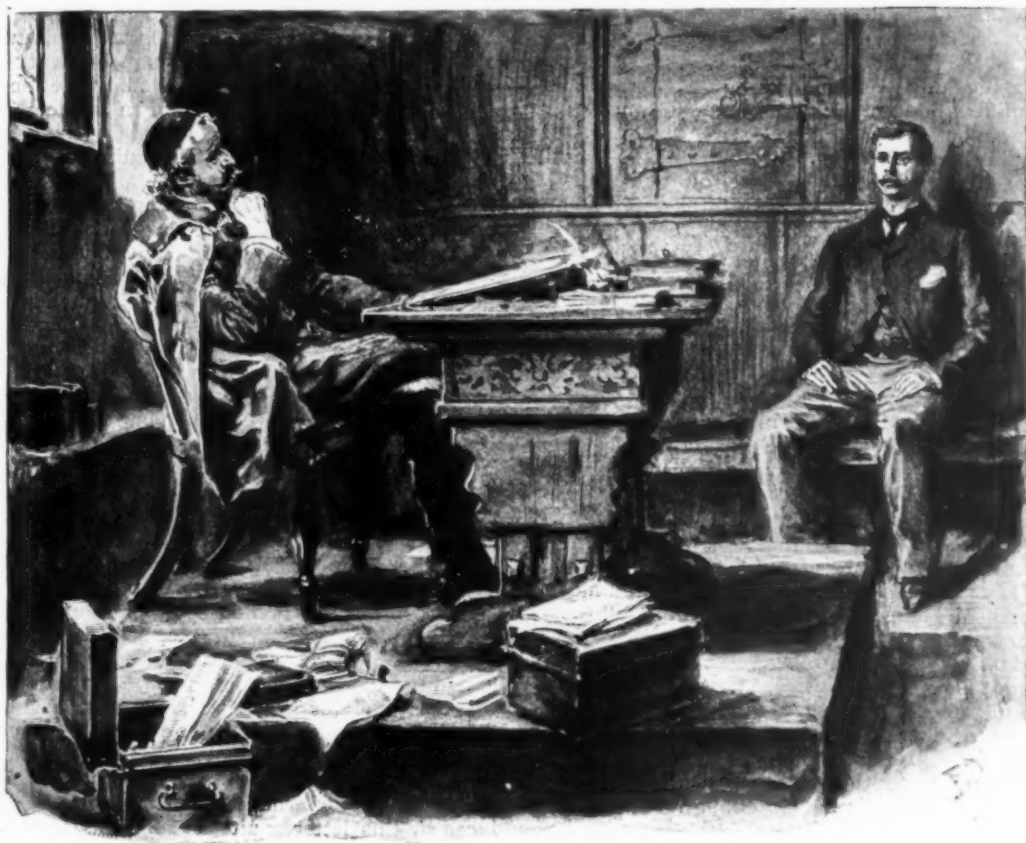
THE BOYHOOD OF CHOPIN.

FROM THE PICTURE BY
ANDREW GOW, R.A.,
IN THE KING GALLERY.

THE LEISURE HOUR.

A PRINCE AND HIS FATHER.

BY MICHAEL A. MORRISON, AUTHOR OF "NADYA," ETC.



A FIRST INTERVIEW.

CHAPTER I.—CHOOSING A PROFESSION.

IT was a foggy morning in March, and Frank Cunliffe stood at the window of his lodgings in Grosvenor Road and tried to pierce the outside gloom. Two or three dim and dark objects, which he knew were human beings, moved about in the street below; the full river, the colour of ginger, bore an indistinct train of coal barges, a funereal mass without outline, and with its extremities lost in the fog. It was

a wet black fog, and the smuts settled thick on the window.

The prospect, or rather the outlook, was cheerless enough, and the young man, who found it far from entertaining, left the window with a look of disgust on his face. He turned up the gas, lighted his pipe, flung himself into an easy chair in front of the fire, and took up the "Standard."

Frank Cunliffe was not in the best of humours, for he was beginning to look upon

himself as a failure, a view which is rarely permissible in anyone at the age of twenty-five. But more especially is such precocious pessimism to be regretted when the pessimist is a handsome stalwart fellow with exuberant health and an irreproachable digestion. All the same Frank was convinced he was a failure, and that he had made a mess of his life. He had come up to London after a brilliant career at the University of Edinburgh, intending to study law, but in an evil hour let himself be persuaded that he never would or could become a legal luminary. His adviser in this matter was a grey-haired "junior," who had been twenty-five years vainly waiting for a brief. As it had not come he was beginning at last to feel somewhat chilled, disappointed, and at odds with the entire profession, from the Lord Chancellor down to the red-headed boy who kept his room tidy and waited to answer the visitor's bell. When the tall young Scotsman took the room opposite his, he made it his duty to knock at Cunliffe's door and claim his acquaintance as a neighbour.

"My dear Mr. Cunliffe," he said to Frank once after they had become quite intimate, "you will excuse the liberty I take if I point out that you will only succeed as a lawyer after years of close study and continued application, if you have great natural aptitude, if you surrender to the profession you have selected all the talent and energy of which you are capable, and if you can wait twenty years for your first brief."

Frank laughed. He was in high good humour, for he had spent his morning polishing a scene of the great melodrama which was occupying all his thoughts, and he was highly pleased with the situation he had created. He told his friend that he hoped he would not have to wait so long, and that he had as good a chance as anybody else.

"So you have, my dear Cunliffe, so you have. You have ability and the *sana mens* and all that, but you are too scattered, if I may be allowed to say so. Now that play you are writing, I'm sure it is excellent. Those parts which I have heard are really Adelphic, if I may say so; but play-writing and the study of law are incompatible. Take an old fellow's advice and chuck up one of them—it doesn't matter which. No man's mind is elastic enough to do what you are trying to do."

But Frank persisted with his play, and as he proceeded the law grew more distasteful. He began to take his trifling enterprise of the play with a gravity that would have better befitted the cares of empire. Youth is altogether experimental, for its essence is ignorance of life, and ignorance of the object of life. Frank knew more about life, more about himself, when his experiment failed, and the manager of the Adelphi sent his manuscript back with a pencilled scrawl to the effect that it was quite unsuitable and unplayable. It was a bitter enough pill, no sweeter for being chewed in the company of the "junior" across the passage.

His taste for legal studies, however, was dead, nothing would revive it, and his elderly friend understanding that, despite the cold bath administered by the Adelphi manager, Frank was still disinclined to resume his studies of Justinian and Austin, strongly advised him to seek work as a journalist.

"I know lots of fellows in Fleet Street," he said, "and will introduce you. I keep the pot boiling that way myself. You can write dramatic criticisms and take it out of the successful men. Better that than expose yourself to the gibes of the wreckers of the press by writing plays that may not suit their fancy of the moment."

This was advice which exactly suited Cunliffe's savage humour at the time. He allowed himself to drift away from the law, and before another month had passed he had given up his chambers in Gray's Inn to another raw aspirant to legal honours, and taken rooms in Grosvenor Road, in a quarter much affected by gentlemen of the fourth estate. For a while he buoyed himself up with the belief that he had at last found his vocation. The editors of the "Evening Despatch" and the "Piccadilly Gazette" were his friends and neighbours, and commissioned him to write paragraphs about new plays, to review third-rate novels, to watch and report the doings of artists, novelists, and actors. But his work somehow never excited the enthusiasm of his editorial friends; there was not enough spice in his dramatic criticisms, he condemned where he should have praised, and he even discovered excellences in the work of those who were not popular idols. His reviews of the third-rate novels were not funny enough, the editors told him, nor scorching enough. Frank had a tender heart for the unsuccessful scribblers, and dared not mete out to others what would wound him bitterly were he in their position.

And so the editors of those great evening papers became dissatisfied with his work, and the commissions for paragraphs became fewer. The evening before we made his acquaintance he had received a curt note from the editor of the "Piccadilly" to say that he need not trouble to call next morning at the office, as the "Piccadilly" would have no space for some time for work such as he had been in the habit of sending in. Perhaps it was reflections induced by this letter, quite as much as the inhospitable look of the outside world through his windows, which so soured him on this particular morning, and made him bestow that sharp sounding smack on the innocent sheet spread before him.

He looked at the dramatic criticisms—all poor stuff—he would have done it much better. He ran his eye through the scathing little paragraphs, in which the reviewer states that if he could only get into the proper frame of mind he might be able to enjoy Mr. Brown's novel; of another book, that it is evidently Miss Jones's first attempt, and if he (the reviewer) might give the lady a useful bit of advice it will

be her last; and of a third, that Mr. Robinson may know all about the slang of Australia, but that his attempt at writing decent English is ridiculous. Frank in his present humour was disgusted at the flippancy of it all, and in his heart was not sorry that, if this was the sort of thing which was expected from him, he had been forced to seek some other outlet for his talents.

In an aimless sort of way he turned to the advertisements—he often found something to amuse him there. A modest man himself, he was amused at the insistent way candidates for situations described all their good points and the variety of their accomplishments, and reflected that one of these days he himself would be driven to sue the public with a highly coloured description of his own mental and physical wares.

"Yes," he thought, "I shall go to the 'Times' with a slip of paper and hand it to the clerk behind the counter, who will read that I am a university graduate, well-grounded in Latin and Greek, French and German, with honours in moral philosophy and political science; that I can play the piano, football and cricket, and can run one hundred yards in ten and a half seconds. And then he will read that I offer myself as secretary, tutor, or travelling companion for the ridiculously small sum of £50 per annum all found. He will look at me over his nose from the summit of his £150 a year."

With these ideas, which he found amusing, running through his mind, Frank's eye suddenly lighted on an advertisement. He glanced over it swiftly, and then settled back in his chair to read it with calmness and deliberation. This was what he read:

"Tutor—A German gentleman of birth and position is anxious to secure the services of a graduate of an English university as companion and tutor for his only son. Applicants must thoroughly understand field sports, and have the manners and appearance of a refined Englishman. A thorough knowledge of German is indispensable. Apply personally to Heinze and Meyer, 110 Gracechurch Street, from 11 to 12 on Wednesdays and Saturdays."

"That ought to suit me," reflected Frank Cunliffe. "I should think I *did* understand field sports. I suppose this baron or graf means golf and cricket and that sort of thing. I'll suit him admirably. 'Refined Englishman!' What an old square-toes the graf must be! Well, I suppose I'm all right. I wish I did not look quite so healthy, as Heinze and Meyer may take me for a navvy. I'll hunt up Heinze and Meyer—Germans both of them, doubtless. It just happens that to-day is Wednesday. I'll make for the city. They can't do any worse than send me about my business. I dare say I'll get used to that presently."

In another hour Frank, having braved the terrors of the Underground, rang at a green-baize door with a brightly polished brass plate bearing the legend "Heinze and Meyer, mining agents and valuers."

"Can I speak to Mr. Heinze?" he inquired of a pale fair-haired and spectacled youth, evidently a recent importation from the Fatherland.

"May I inquire on what business?" asked the fair youth in flawless English.

"In reply to an advertisement in the 'Standard,'" said Frank, who did not relish telling this lad that he was looking for a situation.

"Ah, yes, the tutor advertisement. That is Mr. Meyer's department. Just wait a minute, will you? There is another applicant with Mr. Meyer at present. You must all take your turn, you know." And the spectacled youth sneered in so pronounced a way, and with so little apparent reason or provocation, that Frank could have kicked him down the stairs. But he didn't. He only muttered something about a poor little Jack in office.

In a few minutes a thin and worn middle-aged man passed out, and Frank saw at a glance that this poor candidate for the post had applied unsuccessfully, and wished he were able to transfer his own chances of success to him.

"This way," said the youth from the Fatherland, and Frank was ushered into a large room where two elderly gentlemen, curiously resembling one another, sat in front of a blazing fire.

"Heinze and Meyer," said one of them. "Be zeated. You have come to offer your services as tutor to our client." They rubbed their hands simultaneously, and smiled at one another beamingly.

"Quite so," replied Frank. "May I inquire the name of your client and the conditions of service?"

"Oh dear no, sir, noch nicht," said Heinze and Meyer with visible consternation. "We must first have some questions answered," and the beaming smile became a ripple of laughter, which was begun and ended by both Heinze and Meyer in the same moment of time.

"I see your worthy name is Mr. Frank Cunliffe," said the speaking half of the firm, doubtless Herr Meyer, examining Frank's card and handing it to his partner. "Any profession? Your age? Married?"

Heinze and Meyer fastened their amused gaze on Frank and waited for his reply.

"What a jolly pair of old boys," thought Frank. "Quite a pleasure to do business with them." He fell into their humour, smiled, and answered with equal abruptness.

"No profession; twenty-five; single."

"Your academical position?"

"M.A. Edinburgh."

"And you are in a position to meet the requirements of our client in the matter of field sports? We fear we are unable to test your abilities in this respect at our office here." Both old gentlemen roared with laughter at the notion.

Frank replied that he hoped he would be able to satisfy their client unless he was more than usually exigent.

"Would you object to disblay your knowledge of Sherman by writing us a letter in that

language? Just a few lines while we wait. Here is a table and pen and paper."

Frank dashed off a sentence or two. The partners watched him in silence. He offered the result to Mr. Meyer.

"Ah! very good. And you write the Gothic character—admirable. Brother Heinze, I think we will now communicate with our young friend." The faces of Heinze and Meyer assumed a look of portentous gravity. Herr Meyer cleared his throat and began in a low and almost awestricken voice.

"Our client is the Prinz von und zu Arnsberg-Rothenbostel"—Frank drew a long breath—"a noble of enormous wealth and most ancient lineage in the province of Westphalia. He seeks a tutor for his only son, the Prinz Chlodwig. I may say, without previously consulting my

Grosvenor Road." The beaming smile had returned to their honest faces. "We quite envy you your view of the beautiful river, your beautiful English silver Thames. Good-bye. And you will send us the documents."

"Good-bye," said Frank. - "But for form's sake there is just one little matter more which we have not mentioned. It is really of no consequence, but I would really like to have some slight notion about—the—the salary—the stipend."

"Good-bye," again came from Heinze and Meyer; "your curiosity, my dear sir, is most excusable. It will be gratified when we receive the documents, and hear from our illustrious client."

Frank left them, nodding and smiling at him, and returned to his view of the beautiful English



HEINZE AND MEYER.

brother Heinze, that we are favourably impressed with your manner and appearance. Indeed, of all the numerous shentlemen who have applied we think you are the most suitable." Frank bowed, and in response to the bow Heinze and Meyer each held up a deprecating hand. "We give you hope that the position will be yours if you can satisfy us with testimonials which bear out your statement as to your academical standing, and provided you can produce letters from your clergyman and other competent persons that you are a fit shentleman to undertake the moral oversight of this Sherman young Prinz. Can you supply us with such?"

"Oh certainly," said Frank, "I'll send you all that in a day or two."

"And may we have your address in the meantime? Ah, Grosvenor Road! We know

silver Thames. "Strange," he thought, "although the fog does not seem to have lifted, it does look more transparent, and there is a sheen of silver after all on the river."

In less than a fortnight he received the following letter:

"Dear and Honoured Sir,—We are happy to inform you that our most illustrious client has expressed himself pleased with the documents, which have been in every way satisfactory, and requests us to make arrangements for your journey to Westphalia at as early a date as may be most convenient. And our most illustrious client has also been pleased to fix your honorarium at the sum of £500 a year. We shall be glad to see you when you next visit the city, and have the honour to remain, etc.

"HEINZE AND MEYER."

"Hurrah for Heinze and Meyer and their most illustrious client!" exclaimed Frank as he

read this very courteous epistle. "£500 a year! Just think of it."

CHAPTER II.—ROTHENBOSTEL.

MR. FRANK CUNLIFFE was not quite certain that he felt the call to become a tutor stirring deeply within him. He questioned very much whether he had the gifts necessary to the successful training of that young German prince who was to be entrusted to his care; but he reflected that practice would doubtless sharpen his gifts, and perhaps his limited liking for the work—who knew?—would wax with indulgence into an exclusive passion for teaching. At any rate he was resolved to do his very best, and perhaps in time tutoring would offer him his daily bread on equally joyful terms as grubbing at law, or dashing off rattling newspaper paragraphs with their cheap finish.

He lost no time in repairing to Heinze and Meyer, who read to him the letter from their most illustrious client in the original German. The peculiar awe which overcame the partners when they spoke of Frank's future employer amused the young man highly, whose strong point was not extreme veneration for the dignified and mighty of the earth. Heinze and Meyer gave him all needful instructions as to how he could best reach the country house of Prince von Arnsberg-Rothenbostel. It was called Rothenbostel Schloss, they said, and lay within easy walking distance of Bostel station, on one of the Westphalian secondary railways. If he took the Queensboro' and Flushing steamer, and then continued his journey *via* Cologne, he would arrive at Bostel within twenty-four hours of leaving London.

"Of course, you need not hurry unduly," continued Heinze and Meyer. "As a young man of culture you will wish to see our beautiful Cologne with its most lordly cathedral, and the serene prince has been good enough to say, as you have heard, that we may pay you a quarter's salary in advance, should this be necessary."

It was *very* necessary, and Frank departed, bowing profoundly to the two partners, and seeing them standing at their door bowing profoundly at him, the proud possessor of £125 sterling.

That evening he spent in writing long letters to his mother and sisters, for he was an affectionate son and brother, and never failed to write when he had anything particularly amusing to write about. He could not help looking on this German tutorship in the light of a huge joke, as a most amusing experience.

He did not mind the rough passage across the channel, for it was out of darkness into light. An hour from the English coast he looked back at a dense wall of fog through which the steamer had cut its way, and ahead he rejoiced at the glittering blue waves with the spring sunshine on them. It was splendid

arriving at the little Dutch town, and more splendid still skimming across those little Dutch meadows with the little green canals, and the rows of little pollarded willows on their low banks. He had never been away from home before, and everything he saw charmed him as a schoolboy is charmed. There was a deep blue sky over the scene, and this was much in his eyes. There were groups of peasants in the fields, doubtless prosaic and very ordinary labourers at best, but assuming to his fancy the semblance of gleeful and happy swains in Arcady—the blue blouses of the men and the white caps of the women shining in the sun as they moved about along the canals or over the emerald fields.

But it was only when he arrived at Cologne that his artist's eye was enthralled. Long before his arrival at the ancient Rhenish city he beheld the mighty spires of the Dom piercing the sky, and as he drew nearer the supreme dignity of that great architectural drama simply overpowered him. He began to regret that only one day was at his disposal to obtain some notion of the stately vision of that wonderful Gothic shrine. Brought up a strict Presbyterian, he found himself wandering among the beautiful and solemn aisles feeling tenderly sentimental about Rome, and pulling himself up with a jerk at this lapse from orthodoxy. He was only having practical experience of the conflict which thousands of us feel is being waged between our active and practical instincts and our historic and æsthetic sensibilities.

The change from Cologne to the bustling manufacturing districts of Westphalia was like plunging suddenly into the English black country from the contemplation of some fair cathedral city. The train rushed through serried lines of tall chimneys rising from among black formless heaps of débris and detritus, past furnaces belching flame, and sulphurous smoke. Running in and out among the sordid grimy workshops and sheds were scores of black scorched-looking beings—men and women and children; others were hammering, carrying, wheeling barrows. Frank as he looked out on all the terrible scene got his first impression of Westphalia.

"What an introduction to the stately halls of Rothenbostel!" he said to himself, and he reflected deeper than was his wont as he left the reeking besmirched country behind and noticed the serene and spacious villas of the mine-owners and ironmasters dotted over the lovely hills. The fearful contrast made thoughts arise in his mind to which he had hitherto been a stranger, but he did not shrink from them as he had shrunk from his sentimental musings in the great minster. He felt it something like a duty to reason out the problems which sprang up unbidden in his brain demanding solution.

Sylvan scenes of great beauty alternated with patches of black country, and late in the afternoon he knew he must be approaching the

station of Bostel. The train ran past smouldering brick kilns, and more tall chimneys, and endless rows of little black smoky workmen's houses heaped up in irregular streets and giving an unspeakable impression of meanness in the character of their elements. This congeries of houses was the great iron town of Uhlmünster which Frank had ascertained was on the Arnsberg estates. The strong sun inhumanly exposed the misery of the place. It was all poor quarters, houses blackened with smoke and coal dust, hedged about with sticky fences and with yards and courts strewn with filth and decaying matter. It was all grotesquely ugly, and Frank felt himself wondering if that most illustrious Prince von Arnsberg-Rothembostel ever passed this way, and if he thought that he had done his whole duty to those thousands of toiling men and women when he passively permitted them to eke out their shortened painful lives amidst all this wretchedness and filth.

But Uhlmünster passed there was another reach of exquisite woodland and parkland. Deer, half-tame, scampered off alarmed at the passing train, cattle wallowed down in the water meadows on this warm April afternoon. There were wood-cutters at work in the forests, and picturesque little farmhouses lay low among gracious trees which were fast assuming their vernal tints. In the midst of these scenes the train stopped. It was Bostel station.

A curious equipage awaited Frank's arrival. In some museum in London he had once seen just such a chariot, and the catalogue had told him that it dated from the early part of the eighteenth century. But it was not out of harmony with the two servants, coachman and footman, who manned it. Their liveries were badly cut and shabby, and also seemed to date from that far-off century. Frank found himself smiling at the blue worsted stockings and coarse muddy shoes incongruously finishing off the figure begun with a laced hat and tarnished gilded facings on the long blue coats. And the solemnity of the men's faces as they handled his baggage, and the greater solemnity of the little group surrounding the carriage! They spoke with bated breath of his Serenity the Prince, and as Frank moved about they made way for him with an alacrity and an obsequiousness which was more painful than pleasant to that stalwart defender of the inherent dignity in a man.

Amidst the profound obeisances of the little crowd, the lumbering and antiquated vehicle started on its way to the Schloss three miles distant. Frank was strangely struck with the contrast between the busy industrial districts through which he had so recently passed, and the smoke of whose furnaces lay like a pall on the horizon, and the scenes he was now traversing, with the contrast of juxtaposition between what was familiar in his own democratic England and the curious traces and survivals of feudalism which he found on

every side. Here were those awed peasants and this antiquated coach with its servitors projecting themselves into an uncongenial present, and here he was, with the newest notions from Fleet Street and with his democratic instincts, retrojecting himself into the dimness of a hundred years ago.

He held much converse with the Prince's lackies as they jolted along over the uneven roads; he asked about the people living in the cottages—picturesque folk, but from the appearance of their tenements profoundly distrustful of all improvement.

"Ah," said the coachman, whipping up his horses, "the poor Westphalians hereabouts are mostly Catholics. At the Schloss the Prince likes them, because they reverence him and his dead ancestors so, and do the bidding of his Serenity so willingly. The Prince himself, as your Wellborn knows, is a Lutheran, but he sets not much store on these things, and those are his friends who think as he thinks about the land, and the forests, and the game, and the corn laws, and those his enemies who think differently."

"Then I suppose the Prince does not much admire the Uhlmünster people?"

"Can't stand them. Hates all their wild notions about rights and socialism, and all that kind of thing, which they discuss at their meetings. He tried to stop their meetings, but the police could not interfere as long as they did not break the law."

"But the Prince draws his revenues, or most of them, I suppose, from the mines and from the labour of those men?"

"Quite true, your Highborn, but we hate them all the same. His Serenity got two of their schools closed the other day because they brought teachers from Berlin of whom he did not approve. They wanted a plot of land to build a public library on, but he would not give them this until they consented to show him a list of the books they intended reading. They did so, and he scored out more than the half of them which were dangerous for ignorant workmen to read. The other day when he had to drive into Uhlmünster, would your Highborn believe it? some of the women yelled bad names at him from their doors, and one of the men threw a stone at him. But the fellow got two years for this, and serve him right too. Oh, I can tell you there are pretty goings on. And these are the rascals that think they want a library."

Frank began to think that his most illustrious employer was indeed a most lordly and intolerant personage. As they drew nearer to the Schloss, the peasants at their doors and in the woods bowed profoundly at the passing coach. They looked a hard, silent, impassive race of men, ground down to the earth, and their day for self-assertion still remote.

More than once, Frank, without unduly expressing his ignorance of the family circumstances, sought to turn the conversation to the

young prince, his future pupil, but the coachman seemed to avoid the subject. He gathered that his future charge was in poor health, very peculiar and uncertain in his ways and notions, and a never-ending source of uneasiness to his father; but that was all he could learn without resorting to direct interrogation. But he heard for the first time the interesting intelligence that there were two other children besides the young prince—daughters, of whom since the death of their mother, two years ago, an English lady was in charge. The young princesses, as far as Frank could judge from the references to them, were not persons of extreme importance in the household, but if oblique allusion and innuendo meant anything at all, it was more than evident that the English governess was a very important person indeed, but one who had not been able to excite feelings of affection, at any rate, in the hearts of the flunkies on the box. Frank felt certain that had he given his companions the least encouragement, he might have been regaled with the views of the servants' hall on the many shortcomings of a countrywoman.

A sudden turn of the road at the end of a long incline through beech woods already bursting into leaf, and Rothenbostel Schloss appeared, the ancestral home of the old princely family of the Arnsbergs. Frank had never beheld an edifice more in keeping with the character which he had been forming of its owner. An irregular castellated structure built of greystone, much covered with ivy and other creepers, occupied a gentle elevation in the centre of an amphitheatre of wood. There was a broad terrace in front, reached at either end by two wide flights of white stone steps. Below the steps stretched gardens of considerable extent, dotted here and there with clumps of costly evergreens, while vistas cut through the surrounding woods, beautifully checkered with sunlight, offered glimpses of the distant blue hills. Scattered about the gardens were marble copies of the most famous examples of Greek and Roman sculpture, and in the centre of the charming space a great figure of Neptune holding his trident sat on a rock, and from the edge of a marble basin mermaids and tritons and various marine monsters spouted jets of water over his sea-weed garlanded head and glistening shoulders.

But it was the castle itself which interested Frank and riveted his attention. What builders they were when those two massive flanking towers were raised, and what an eye for the picturesque that architect of the fifteenth century had, who built that mighty curtain of wall between them, and pierced it with that lofty, graceful arch! The arms of the Arnsbergs were carved on a great freestone slab over the gateway, and the worn portal still showed traces of the arrangements made by the feudal builders for lowering the portcullis and raising the drawbridge.

Frank was stirred out of his dreams of the

middle ages by hearing the sudden blowing of a trumpet from the top of one of the towers, and the coachman, noticing his startled face, explained that the warlike sounds were only to announce their approach, and to summon the servants to the portal. That was always done, he added, when strangers were arriving.

In less than a minute the great porch swarmed with men and women, who formed themselves in two rows. From their midst, out stepped a brawny and muscular individual in the thick blue stockings and ill-fitting laced coat with which Frank had already become acquainted, a sinister-looking person with grizzled hair and a red scar across his savage features. Frank alighted from the coach and approached this singular person, who was standing between the two lines of retainers and rapidly bowing. With obsequiously bent



THE MAJOR-DOMO OF HIS ILLUSTRIOUS SERENITY.

back, the man informed the new-comer that he was the major-domo of his most illustrious Serenity, sent to bid him welcome to the Schloss, and to conduct him to the presence of the Prince.

Frank strode through the sounding hall with its curious array of mouldy and rusting trophies of the chase and combat, and the two rows of servants bent their supple backs low as he stalked past them to stand before their awe-inspiring lord.

"A splendid reception," thought Frank; "it's like one of Scott's novels."

CHAPTER III.—THE PRINCE AND HIS SON.

TO find oneself on the shores of another world is an experience, or rather a sensation, which travellers have often attempted to describe with more or less success; but to find oneself still in the world we know and yet surrounded by circumstances which make of it another world, and introduce us to another age, is a sensation which few have felt and fewer still have depicted. Frank was familiar with baronial halls in the pages of romance, but until now he had thought that they belonged to the past, that they had vanished with the cross-bow and the tourney. He was too modern a man himself to believe that any sane baron in the latter part of the nineteenth century would find pleasure in perpetuating the ideas and habits of the fifteenth. As he followed his guide over the rush mats, under low archways, and along echoing passages lighted by guttering candles in wrought-iron sockets, he kept wondering at this Prince, possessed of enormous wealth, who preferred to the comfort and grace of latter days all these fantastic mediæval surroundings.

Arrived at the end of a long sounding corridor the major-domo opened an iron-studded oak door, and began the ascent of a steep, narrow, stone turret staircase which seemed to have been built for little purpose other than to exercise the limbs of the muscular ancestors of the Prince of Rothenbostel. In niches here and there in the massive walls were scarecrow effigies of German lanzknechts with open casques on their heads, with buff leathern jackets, spiked bucklers, and huge broad swords fastened to their mailed hands. There were hunting trophies also scattered over the walls, showing that among the bygone Arnsbergs were many sylvan knights whose pleasure had been found in the noble art of venery and in the "mort o' the deer."

At the head of the stairs another door was opened, and Frank found himself in a long dim apartment. The major-domo stepped back after telling Frank that he was to wait here until the Prince appeared. The long hall was imperfectly lighted from the nether end by narrow windows of stained glass through which the afternoon sun streamed, casting brilliant splashes of red and amber on the oaken floor. A huge chimney-piece, projecting several feet from the wall and adorned with the escutcheon of the Arnsbergs, occupied almost one side of the apartment, and yawned empty and black. Long seats of carved oak were ranged around the room, a bare oaken table ran down its length, and on the walls hung the dim portraits of dead Arnsbergs, who had roistered here with their great flagons of beer and Rhine wine and their dowsets of venison round the spacious fireplace. Below the window on a sort of raised dais stood an antique writing-table covered with papers; there was an empty modern study chair, and on

some shelves to the left lay several books, bundles of documents tied with string, and two or three open tin boxes filled with tattered-looking papers.

Frank had not long to wait. A side door opened, and a remarkable figure entered the hall and approached the new tutor, a singularly lean and tall man with long grizzled hair and peaked beard, and wearing a small velvet skull cap. His face was too long and narrow for complete strength, and there was a curious and forbidding projection of the underjaw and lip, but his dark eyes shooting keen and fiery glances from under his bushy eyebrows and his nose of a markedly aquiline character were certainly indicative of a restless and turbulent nature—a nature which must have often felt rebellious at the galling restrictions of the civilised and free life of the nineteenth century. About his dress there was nothing remarkable except that he wore a short dark velvet cloak fastened at the throat by a golden chain and clasp. It was the most illustrious Prince von Arnsberg-Rothenbostel. Frank was busily engaged in finding similarities between the Prince and the famous knight of La Mancha when he was startled by a word of command uttered in a harsh rasping voice, but in excellent English:

"Sit down on this bench, please." The Prince occupied his chair at the writing-table, and had Frank opposite him in the light from the oriel window.

"I have heard of you from my London men of business, Heinze and Meyer," began the Prince. "I trust they made clear to you the nature of the duties you will have to perform for me. Your journey, I hope, has not been unduly tedious?"

"Thank you, Prince, it has been very interesting, not a bit tiresome. I have greatly enjoyed it."

"And Heinze and Meyer, did they let you know generally my wishes with regard to your work with my son?"

"Oh yes, in a general sort of way. I am to read with him, and coach him up on certain subjects, and to devote a good deal of time to outdoor life with him."

"Quite so. To the second of these duties you will be good enough to attach particular importance. My son is probably too much addicted to a student's life, and I fear he has gained from his books ideas which are not compatible with the exalted position which he may one day occupy. We are living in an age, sir, in which the most pernicious ideas are being propagated with an assiduity worthy of a better cause, and in a luring shape peculiarly dangerous to the young. It will be your constant duty to guard my son from attaching himself to these notions, and to wean him by argument and example from those which he seems already to hold. Believe me, sir, the views which I have heard him express in conversation are such as we Arnsbergs have always loathed, and I trust your mental training, which has been English and thorough, will be exerted

to lead my poor son back to the position which a German noble of ancient lineage should maintain."

"May I ask you, Prince, to give me a notion of the direction in which your son's views tend?" Frank was alarmed, and feared he might have to deal with moral obliquity.

The Prince rose from his seat, evidently disturbed and distressed, and walked hurriedly to and fro.

"My son, sir, forgets his birth and his ancestry. He is taken up with views about *les droits des hommes*, and such rubbish. He has got hold of some French books which teach equality and fraternity, forsooth! and nothing will persuade him that those ignorant and filthy fellows down in Uhlmünster are not as good as he is, and have as much right to the undisturbed possession of their cottages as we have to the secure possession of this castle. I evicted a lot of the rascals some weeks ago because they could not or would not pay the trifling rents I ask from them; and, will you believe it? he sulked and wept for a week in consequence. I will not tolerate this, and it must cease. There is a pestilent fellow called Richter, who lives in Uhlmünster, once a clergyman, but rightly removed from his pastorate by the authorities, because of the rank socialism he preached from his pulpit, and the pernicious anti-Christian influence he exercised among the miners—a big, hulking rascal. My son has become acquainted with this firebrand, and has assimilated his nauseous views. No, I shall not tolerate it."

The Prince paused for a moment in his uneasy walk and thumped the papers on his table.

"I shall forbid him to speak to the *canaille*. I shall move heaven and earth to get Richter put in jail, where he will find companions better fitted to become his disciples than my unfortunate son. Now, sir, you know the position of affairs. Send my son back from his errors into my ways, into the ways which befit a German prince; rid his mind of this monstrous folly, sir; help me to leave a worthy descendant to my name and honours, and I shall be your friend, sir—yes, I swear it, your friend all my life long."

The old man's voice trembled, and Frank, though he only partly understood him, and had little sympathy with his intolerant attitude, felt sorry and troubled.

"I shall do my best, Prince, for your son," was all he could find to say.

"Mr. Cunliffe, I love my son," said the Prince with broken voice, "but I would rather see him dead at my feet than that he should bring dishonour on my name. Now go to your rooms, sir, which I trust you will find comfortable. You will find Rudolf outside there waiting for you. You have my confidence, you won't abuse it. Dinner will be ready in half an hour, and at dinner you will meet my children, and make the acquaintance of your pupil. Auf Wiedersehen." He sat down at his table with a long sigh, which was almost

a sob, and Frank, sorely troubled and perplexed, joined Rudolf, whom he found patiently waiting for him at the stair-head.

If the rooms and halls which he had hitherto seen were chill and cheerless, Frank found the two apartments allotted to him furnished with every consideration for his comfort. Book-cases, pictures, and tasteful nicknacks lined the walls. From the windows of his bedroom he could admire a magnificent landscape, of which he felt he would never weary. Away in the extreme distance were the lofty blue hills rising fold beyond fold from the valley of the Weser, and clad to their summits with misty pine forests; nearer were gentler elevations partly wooded and partly open country, where red-roofed and white-walled farmhouses were scattered; and down below the eminence on which the Schloss stood was a lovely sequestered valley through which a clear and rapid stream, glittering in the afternoon sun, sprang from rock to rock with a delightful murmur, losing itself in a wild tangle of forest and underwood at the end of the valley. Directly facing his windows on the opposing high bank of the valley were the ruins of an ancient Gothic priory, the slender tracery of its arched windows still intact, and its solid walls almost covered with a thick growth of creepers. It was an entrancing scene, and the young tutor felt its indescribable influences filter gently into his soul.

"What a lovely ruin!" He turned round to the major-domo, pointing to the old abbey with his hand.

"So they say, master, so they say. The young Serenity often goes over there with his sisters to sketch."

"Oh, the Prince has two daughters, I believe?"

"Yes, two, the Princess Elsa and the Princess Johanna." The major-domo had cast aside a portion of his reserve, and Frank, eyeing him narrowly, noticed that his aspect was not nearly so truculent as he had at first supposed. As he busied himself putting Frank's effects in order he chatted away quite amiably.

"They were all over there to-day with the English Fräulein, and have only just returned to the Schloss. The young Prince has been asking about you, and wished to see you; but hearing you were with his illustrious father, he has gone to his room to dress. The young Serenity is an angel, my master, an angel; but he is not happy." Old Rudolf shook his head and sighed.

"But why is he not happy? Surely he has everything he wants?"

"Who knows. You and I, and folks like us, want castles and riches, but those high-born ones who have them want something, master, which is just as far beyond their reach as the castles are beyond ours. Ah, master, it is not the number of things you have that makes you happy, but the number of things you don't want."

Frank understood thoroughly. The major-domo's philosophy exactly harmonised with his own.

"Besides," Rudolf continued, "besides, the young Serenity is never quite well. Since his childhood he has been ailing. He seldom stirs out of the Schloss, except to go across to the abbey. All the while he is sitting in the library reading and writing, and sitting before the fire thinking and thinking. I hear, master, that you have come to try and alter all this. You won't succeed, master, believe me. It is too late."

"But has the young Prince no companions but his sisters?"

"Well, there is his cousin, Prince Ernst, but he is not much of a companion. I don't believe they get on very well together. Prince Ernst is in the world, at the university, and is preparing to be a privy councillor. He spends a good deal of time here, besides the vacations. Perhaps he will marry one of the Princesses. He lives in Berlin with his mother. We expect him in a few days, and then, master, you will get to know him. But his Serenity is very fond of him, because he has inherited all the good old Rothenbostel pride. I don't understand these things much, but I think our own young Prince quarrels with his Serenity about these matters, and it is all very sad, for a house divided against itself cannot stand, and that is Holy Writ, and is true."

Old Rudolf finished putting things to right, and left to look after the servants, who were getting the dining-hall ready. He turned to Frank at the door.

"You will hear the bell ring punctually at seven o'clock, my master, and then you will return to the room where you saw his Serenity. We always dine there in the spring and summer."

Frank dressed hurriedly, and, having some minutes to spare, sat down at the open window to enjoy the view, to watch the western sun sinking behind the fringe of pines topping the distant hills. But he was saddened and ill at ease, and his volatile easy nature felt oppressed with the load of responsibility which he was assuming. From the contemplation of the exquisite landscape he did not derive as much pleasure as he had thought he would, and the old abbey began to look frozen and chill in the failing light. He was roused from his reveries by a gentle knock.

The door opened, and a slight pale youth of about twenty, in evening dress, entered. His hair was jet black, and his eyes dark and lustrous. The peculiar projection of the lower jaw and the hawk nose left no doubt in Frank's mind as to his identity. But the face was broader, and the restless fierce look of the father was absent. He came quickly forward to Frank, and caught both his hands in his.

"I am Chlodwig Arnsberg, your pupil. I am so glad to see you. We shall be good friends. You are not tired, I hope." He kept

a firm grip of Frank's hands, and looked up into the kindly blue English eyes with complete confidence, and with a longing for something that awakened all Frank's compassion and sympathy.

"I hope you will like Rothenbostel. Isn't it beautiful here?" He pointed with his hand out over the glowing tops of the hills.

"It is, indeed, Prince. I have never seen anything half so lovely. I'm sure we shall be very happy together."

Chlodwig again took his tutor's hand. "Don't call me Prince unless my father is present. I don't like it. Your name is Cunliffe, I know, but what is your Christian name?"

"Frank."

"Then you'll let me call you Frank, please—it is a splendid name, it means so much. There is both history and morality in it. It is Johanna's favourite name for a man."

"Your sister's?"

"Yes, and you will call me Chlodwig. There's Rudolf ringing the bell. Please let me take your arm. I'm not a bit hungry, but you must be. Come along to the dining-room and see Johanna and Elsa. We have been wondering for days what you would be like."

CHAPTER IV.—FEUDALISM.

IT was with considerable trepidation that Frank Cunliffe re-entered the great hall.

He was naturally neither nervous nor bashful; in fact, he was very much the contrary, but he had heard that a girl, and his fancy conjured up a very beautiful girl, had been wondering for days what he would be like, and the foolish fellow, almost for the first time in his life, felt anxious and ill at ease.

There was only one person in the hall, a young and very gracious lady. She was sitting beside the low window looking towards the west, and a flood of vaporous light from the sinking sun poured in on her head and face and neck. Her hair was an aureole of gold, and the soft lace scarf round her shoulders was luminous in the diffused light. The profile was exquisite, but when the lovely face was turned full round to greet Frank, the young man's heart beat high, and he bowed humbly before the sylph-like girl for whose aerial form this earth seemed too grossly massive. The shadowy gold of her hair, the gentle soft eyes shrinking from the gaze of the stranger, the entire expression of serenity, ravished him. He could only think of some dear Madonna of Del Sarto.

"This is Johanna. Johanna, let me introduce you to my friend Frank Cunliffe. *Our* surmises and guesses were after all not so far out. Elsa was wrong, for she said he would be dark and medium sized."

Johanna rose from her seat by the window and shyly gave her little hand to Frank, who bowed low, and with the old-world courtesy

which he had learned from his mother, kissed it. The tones he heard were sweet and low.

"You are very welcome to Rothenbostel. I trust you will like us. My brother has been very lonely, and has looked forward eagerly to your companionship. This is our sister Elsa."

Frank had heard the door open, and now turned round to greet the newcomer. She was most assuredly Chlodwig's sister. Slight and tall, with raven hair divided on a low forehead of exquisite whiteness, she had curiously soft

whom Frank had no difficulty in recognising as the English *Fräulein*, and as a very remarkable person.

"Miss Bowles," said the Prince, introducing her, "may I present you to my son's tutor, Mr. Frank Cunliffe?"

The lady, who had reached mature years and was dressed like a girl of eighteen, drew back and made a most sweeping curtsey which bordered on an obeisance. In presence of such a supreme effort of deportment Frank was



JOHANNA.

and limpid eyes quite unlike the brilliant eyes of father and brother—eyes of the kind which seemed to hold within their depths much of wisdom and more of love. The aquiline nose and the prominent jaw were there, but not so noticeable as to excite attention. Indeed, Elsa's features were fairly regular, and when surprised or animated, as she now was, they were gravely and sadly beautiful. Only two years the elder of Johanna, she looked much older. She offered Frank a timid welcome, and sitting down beside Johanna took the hand of her fair sister in hers and was silent. The others engaged in conversation, Frank asking questions about the surrounding country, Chlodwig and Johanna replying to him. Presently the door opened again and the Prince entered, leading a lady

conscious that his bow was a very stiff and awkward affair.

"Most pleased," said Miss Bowles; "of the Cunliffes of Glenlachan?"

"No, we are not related."

"Ah, you are a member of the Perthshire family, the Cunliffes of Tigglebrig?"

"I may be, madam," replied Frank, "but in our branch of the family nothing is known of the relationship. We have no genealogical tree, I'm happy to say."

Now Frank's father had been a very distinguished Scottish judge, a man of infinitely greater power and influence in his own day than the heads of the Cunliffes of Glenlachan and Tigglebrig; but he had begun life as an office boy to an Edinburgh Writer to the Signet,

and his father before him had been a jobbing carpenter.

Miss Bowles was quite aghast at Frank's gratuitous and rather tactless sneer at genealogical trees.

"But why? Even we Bowles's," she said, "a quite insignificant Staffordshire county family, can trace our ancestors back to the middle of the seventeenth century, when Sir Bowles de Bowles received knighthood from Charles the Second for services rendered to the Royalist cause during the Commonwealth."

Miss Letitia Bowles, whose strong point was the English county families, and whose chief recommendation in the Prince's eyes was the fact that she had a whole desk full of letters from duchesses, countesses, and baronesses, recommending her to members of their own caste, would have willingly used Frank's ear into which to pour all her lore, but the company of bustling, noisy servants under Rudolf's orders had now finished their preparations, and the Prince with stately politeness offered her his arm, leaving the two young men to follow with his daughters.

At table Frank found himself between the two girls with Chlodwig and Miss Bowles opposite, and the Prince at the head of the table. Rudolf and three or four manservants attended decked in gorgeous livery coats of blue and gold, which had been made originally for men of very different size and bearing. The Prince prided himself on his dinners, and Uhlmünster and the whole countryside were ransacked to supply his larder. He would have none of your modern dishes or modern cookery; newfangled comestibles from France and England were an abomination in his eyes. His cook studied the gastronomical publications of the eighteenth century, and indulged in the production of dishes more numerous and substantial than our tastes at present will tolerate. The Prince was gratified beyond measure when anything really archaic appeared, and which was unknown to his guests.

Frank bothered himself little with the pleasures of the table, and, sitting between Johanna and Elsa in a new heaven he had created for himself, he saw the antiquated dishes on the table with little interest. What did it matter to him, the tureen of soup with the boned duck swimming in the centre, the huge roast pike, the pie with its elaborate crust in which various sorts of flesh and fowl were embalmed, the great sirloin, the rich wine sauces, the Florentine tart, and the pompetone of larks. It was a repast the inception of which dated from a time when the fell demon of dyspepsia was unknown, and it spoke volumes for the vitality of the Arnsbergs that they had survived years of such a diet.

The Prince, noticing that Frank was silent and preoccupied, sought to engage him in conversation. Understanding that he had devoted a year to the study of law, the Prince expressed a desire to hear all about the various systems of land tenure in England, and when Frank's replies left little doubt on his mind that this was not the particular branch of law which had

most engaged his attention, he felt less scruple in imparting his own stored-up knowledge about allodial and salic lands. With portentous gravity he declared that no estate descending by inheritance should be subject to any burden, except that of public defence. He went on to state that he was in favour of that particular species of allodial possessions denominated salic, from which females were expressly excluded.

"What is your opinion, Mr. Cunliffe, as to the justice of such exclusion?"

Frank was not following the lecture on feudal regulations with the attention which the importance of the subject and the gravity of the lecturer demanded, but he thought he had heard enough to enable him to hazard a reply.

"I think, sir, it was extremely unjust, and I am amazed that in an age of chivalry, when ladies were so revered, any such law should have obtained general assent in France and Germany. In England the salic law never took root."

Miss Bowles, noticing that the Prince seemed disconcerted at Frank's temerity, tried to change the subject of conversation, but the Prince insisted on his say, and began and concluded a long monologue on fiscal lands, sub-infeudation, and the change of allodial into feudal tenure, on fiefs, escheats, forfeits, aids, and all the mysterious jargon of the Middle Ages. He grew animated and fiery, and looked more like a bird of prey than ever, but it was all deadly dull to those five young people—including of course Miss Bowles, who had to listen to it, and they were thankful when it at last concluded, the Prince being victorious all along the line.

To observe in a strange house is to make constant discoveries. Frank soon noticed that their father's pronounced mediævalism was intolerable to Chlodwig and the girls. This was most noticeable in Chlodwig, who had listened to the lecture with ill-concealed resentment. The words they let drop from time to time showed Frank that all their interests were modern, living and human. Chlodwig had a story to tell Miss Bowles of a peasant child he met in the woods. Elsa and Johanna exchanged gently spoken remarks about one of the gamekeepers who had met with a bad accident, but their attempts at conversation on such themes were dominated and silenced by the monotonous strident flow of words from the head of the table.

When Rudolf and his assistants re-entered to place various wines and liqueurs in old-fashioned bottles on the table, the ladies rose and left the hall visibly relieved; and a few minutes later the Prince, having finished all he had to say, and with a final growl at those who, without regard to the best blood in the land and ignorant of the gravity of the interests at stake, would pull down and set up at their own will and pleasure, also rose from the table. He excused himself to Frank for being unable to sit longer, as he was working at an article on "Feudal Ceremonies."

for the "Nobles' Review and Observer," a most influential and well-written organ, he was careful to add.

Chlodwig was silent for a while after his father had left the room; his finer modern spirit was chafing at the restraints which were imposed on him, and Frank easily discerned that a great gulf separated his ideas from those of his father, a gulf which was not to be bridged over.

"Frank," he said at last, "I'm sorry that you should have heard all that. We have heard it to repletion, and only poor Miss Bowles understands it. I don't. I feel that we are living in a new and rapidly ripening age, and that feudalism and villeinage and all the ideas that cluster around these two words are things of the past, never to be revived, I hope. Will you believe me when I say that I would rather know how to work a lathe and have the power to use it than be an authority on all those recondite matters which so interest my father? Can you work a lathe?"

"No, but I could soon learn."

"Well, I'll order one from Uhlmünster, and we'll set it up in one of my rooms and learn it together. I'll order a book on lathes. We are going to be very busy, you and I. I'm not very strong, but I must work. I have only worked at books till now; but my father and Johanna think I should have change of employment. It is Richter's opinion, too. That was why you were sent for. I'm to enter the University of Berlin in the autumn, and stay over the winter term, but I shall not require any study for that, so we shall have all the summer together. Can you believe that I have only been twice in Uhlmünster all my life? I wish to see the big ironfoundries there. I wish to see the men at work before the furnaces. I wish to see their homes and know all about how they live, and their wives and children. Richter has been telling me a lot, but I want to see with my own eyes." The youth spoke seriously and with energy, but as Frank looked at his great sparkling eyes and the dark hollows under them, he pitied him from his heart.

"Who is Richter?" he asked.

"Richter? A splendid fellow. Just ask Elsa. She and I think him the noblest and best man in all the country side. He was a pastor here until two years ago, when he was removed from his office because he went among the Uhlmünster ironworkers and organised them into unions, and preached that Jesus Christ was a humble man of the people as well as the Son of God. So he has now started a school for the children of the miners, and his mother and he live in a cottage down there

near the school. There are two rooms in his cottage full of sick children whom he looks after. He has studied medicine as well as theology. My father hates him, but I don't care. I love the man, and you and I shall visit him one of these days. Won't we?"

It was very touching to hear this frail youth, the heir to millions, the inheritor of one of the oldest titles in Westphalia, speaking in this strain. Where had he learned all this love and tolerance? In what streams of Divine light had this young heart been bathed?

"Shall we join Elsa and Johanna?" he asked; "they are out on the verandah as it is so fine a night. It is on your side of the Schloss. You may smoke there if you like, as Miss Bowles is engaged with my father in the library."

The two friends passed along a passage lighted by antique lamps to a low door. This was opened, and they stood on a long verandah or gallery built on to the wall, and hanging over the garden below them. The two girls sat on low benches with soft woollen wraps round them. There were coffee things and a burning spirit lamp on the table.

"We always sit out here on fine evenings," said Elsa, making room for Frank beside her. "But," and she laughed a gentle musical laugh, "we seldom speak. We just sit still and look across the valley."

"I can quite understand, Princess," said Frank with a smile. "And I shall certainly not venture to interfere with so excellent a custom. I think that the view demands silence. It is lovely. I have told your brother already that I have never seen anything like it."

"But parts of Scotland must be very beautiful," broke in Johanna. "I wish you would tell us about Edinburgh. I have read it is the most lovely city in Europe."

And so they chatted on about nothing in particular. They listened to the rustle of the stream below them. They looked out over the valley at the whitening walls of the exquisite Gothic abbey, and beyond it at the blue misty lacework of forest. Frank, perhaps, did most of the talking, for the girls and Chlodwig plied him with questions. The time flew as on eagle's wings.

When the new tutor reached his own room he threw open the windows and listened again to the babble of the brook, and gazed again at the ghostly abbey, but he thought much about the pressure of that beautiful warm hand which Johanna had laid in his, and in his ears lingered the music of her softly uttered "good-night."

FREDERIC CHOPIN.



F. Chopin

NOTHING in the history of art is more remarkable than the extraordinarily sudden development of modern music. In its origin, no doubt, music is at least as old as the other arts; there is no more obvious and natural way of expressing emotion than by vocal or rhythmic effort, and we may be pretty certain that the primitive savage howled and thumped a stick on the ground long before he tried to scratch the mammoth's portrait on a smooth piece of bone. But what we understand by music is a thing of new growth, but recently emerged from comparative barbarism. The hearing was the last of man's senses to grow civilised, and the reason is not far to seek. Music is the most artificial of the arts; its language, its very organs of speech, had to be invented. And in music the mirror is held up, not to external nature, but to man's own inmost feelings, which it was his last and hardest task to explore. So, when Raphael painted and Shakespeare sang, musicians were still struggling to express themselves in the imperfect, stammering dialect of the nursery. The very foundation of modern music—the equally tempered chromatic scale—was not available until Bach's time. Doubtless, to begin with Bach is to ignore much that is charming and much that is impressive, notably

in vocal music; yet Bach is the first that modern ears can accept without at least occasional reservations. But since his time the history of music is a history of rapid—one might say headlong—development. The way is starred with great names, and every name is the name of an innovator, a discoverer of new regions of expression. Among them, perhaps a little way off the beaten track, but conspicuous enough, is the name of Frederic Chopin.

His life, except so far as it illustrates the nature of his genius, need not be dwelt upon here. Some of it, indeed, is best forgotten; and throughout it is little more than a chronicle of the petty troubles, the physical and mental discomforts, of a sensitive, passionate, consumptive artist, a creature of emotions, with scarcely a trace of restraining will-power. He drifted through life, following the line of least resistance, looking to his friends for help in the smallest matter of doubt or difficulty, were it only the choice of a new suit of clothes. Of friends, indeed, he had plenty; whatever else he lacked, he possessed the happy gift of inspiring affection and devoted service. But all his worth to the world is in his music; apart from that he never said or did a memorable thing. A reed shaken by the wind is his best symbol; but it is the reed of the old Greek fable, exquisitely vocal with strange, sweet sounds.

Frederic François Chopin was born of mixed French and Polish ancestry, on March 1, 1809, at Telazowa-Wola, a village on the outskirts of Warsaw. Like nearly every other great musician, he showed signs of talent at a very early age, and began his career as what one of his biographers calls "that usually objectionable thing, an infant phenomenon." Before he was nine years old he performed at a public concert, and at ten he was already a composer. A distinguished living critic, who hates music, and would probably define it, as Théophile Gautier did, as merely the most expensive form of noise, points to this early excellence as evidence of the inferiority of music to the other arts. Soon ripe, of little worth. But it seems plain that, given the musical disposition, the composer's, and especially the executant's, talent will ripen sooner than the painter's or poet's; since that knowledge of men and nature which counts for so much in books and pictures, and can only be gained by long experience, is of less importance in the world of sounds, which is a world apart. Other arts deal to a great extent with material things: music springs sheer out of emotion; and a child's emotions may be as keen, if not as deep, as a man's.

Fortunately for Chopin, his parents were blessed with sound common-sense; they neither repressed nor unduly encouraged his precocity. As soon as his bent was manifest, he was placed under good masters and thoroughly grounded in the alphabet and grammar of his art. At this time he is described as a bright, healthy child, somewhat delicate, but showing as yet no signs of the hereditary complaint that finally carried him off. He had a remarkable talent for mimicry, and an incurable propensity for practical joking; in illustration of which several stories are told, no more amusing than such stories generally are. Of greater interest are the tales which bear witness to his wonderful powers of improvisation, and the effect his playing had on his hearers. For example, there is the statement of Karasowski's, by which Mr. Gow's picture, reproduced in this number of the *LEISURE HOUR*, was suggested: "If his father's pupils made too great a noise in the house, Frederic had but to seat himself at the piano to obtain perfect quiet." Another story tells how, when waiting for horses at an inn, he found his way to a piano, and held post-master, post-master's wife and daughters, and fellow-passengers, spellbound long after the relay of horses was ready.

To deal for a moment with dates, Chopin's first published work, a Rondo for the pianoforte, was composed in 1825, at the age of sixteen. From 1828 to 1831 he travelled in Germany, visiting Berlin and Vienna, giving an occasional concert, seeking in vain for a publisher for his music, and eating his heart out over every little rebuff and disappointment. Then in 1831 he went to Paris, where he found success, congenially brilliant society, and something like happiness. His ingrained restlessness took him away at various times to various places (Germany, 1834; London, 1837; Majorca, 1838; Italy, 1839; England and Scotland, 1848); but Paris ever drew him back; it was there that he did his best work, and there he died of consumption on October 17, 1849, at the early age of forty.

His manners in society were gentlemanly and reserved; he was particular about the neatness of his dress; among his friends he was gay and amiable when not rendered peevish by pain; but he hated a crowd, and never played so well in the concert-hall as in the drawing-room. His published portraits show us a handsome face, feminine in its delicacy; high forehead, large, speaking eyes, a thin, aquiline nose, the musician's mouth, full and eloquent, and a weak, pointed chin.

The man and his work are inseparable. Here was a Pole, a child of a proud, excitable, down-trodden race, a man of delicate wit, of morbidly luxuriant fancy, of intellect subtle rather than strong, weak in will-power and feeble in physique; of such a man we may expect originality in a limited field, and beauty in overflowing measure, but we shall look in vain for the stimulating, heroic qualities, the restrained daring, of a Bach or a Beethoven.

He will move uneasily among the formal traditions of the schools; he will not have strength enough to adopt and adapt them, as Beethoven did, to the larger needs of his genius; but he will have enough to break loose and cast them to the winds, and to invent new forms in which to clothe his ideas. Somebody once said that all classics were romantic in their day; Chopin remains a romantic from the first to the last. His method of composition was characteristic. The popular, and generally erroneous, notion which pictures the composer as sitting down to the piano and "making up" tunes is correct for once in his case. Almost invariably he composed at the piano; or rather, he did not "compose" at all, in the ordinary sense of the term—taking given themes, and exercising his ingenuity and learning upon them in every possible way; his music flowed without apparent effort straight from his heart to his fingers; he perpetually accomplished that rarest of achievements—the improvisation of a complete and rounded work of art.

On a few occasions Chopin attempted to work within the limits of accepted forms, and, as was to be expected, he failed. He could no more write a good sonata than Shelley could write a good sonnet. There are three sonatas for pianoforte alone, one for pianoforte and violoncello, one trio for pianoforte, violin, and 'cello, and two concertos for pianoforte and orchestra; and in spite of passages of extreme beauty, they must be regarded as comparative failures. They lacked spontaneity, and the sense of effort is often painfully apparent. Especially is this the case in the concertos, where he is so determined to thrust his real self aside and play the game according to rule, that he adopts the strictly classical scheme of Mozart and Hummel, rejecting the freer and, as one would have thought, more congenial form introduced by Beethoven. Here, too, he is further hampered by his striking ignorance of the management of the orchestra.

Turning to his other work, we may divide it into two groups—the national dances, Mazurkas, Polonaises, and Waltzes; and the tone-poems, the Preludes, Ballades, Scherzos, Nocturnes, Studies, etc.

The Poles have been called the French of the North; and they certainly resemble our neighbours in their love of the dance and genius for marked rhythm in music, and in their patriotic fervour. But no Frenchman would mingle the two characteristics; whereas the Polish dances are not only dances, but evocations of past glories, laments, calls to battle. Chopin wrote in all some forty Mazurkas. Many of these "fantastic miniatures," as they have been called, are built up on popular tunes; and in spirit they are intensely national, with their peculiar, insistent rhythm, their predominant minor tone, and their wild license of time and modulation. The Polonaises are closely akin, and are remarkable for a certain masculine vigour, the existence of which the composer's other work would hardly have led us to suspect.

The Waltzes—perhaps the most popular of all Chopin's compositions—have less of the national flavour; the veneer of the Paris *salon* is over them, and the fierce, almost terrible, merriment of the Mazurkas and Polonaises gives place to a more elegant and lighter-hearted gaiety.

The dances are a patriot's offering to his country's cause; in the second group—the tone-poems, as we have called them—Chopin appeals to a larger audience. Here he is original to a degree which has hardly a parallel in the history of music. In one case only, that of the Nocturnes, he has borrowed a name, and perhaps an idea, from another—the Irishman, John Field. But the debt is a small one; Field's Nocturnes, charming as they are in a simple, childish way, have little real vitality, and are now known to few besides students. Chopin made the form his own, and it will always be associated with him.

To examine the pieces in detail would be impracticable and wearisome, nor is it necessary; the same spirit informs them all, and the method of treatment is much the same in every case. Indeed, the accusation of monotony is the worst that can be brought against them. Setting this aside for the moment, one notices first that they are all written for pianoforte solo.

The elaborate mechanism of the pianoforte, now the most popular of all musical instruments, was not perfected in a day. Its parent, the clavichord of Bach's time, though in principle the same, was an instrument of inferior touch and resonance, incapable of either sustained or brilliant effects. A great step in advance was made towards the end of the last century, when the Broadwoods introduced, among other improvements, two pedals by which the tone could be modified at will. But the full capacity of the pianoforte, and its appropriate treatment, were not fully appreciated by musicians for some time. The tradition of the harpsichord was long in dying, and the methods of the harpsichord players, with their short chords and neat, crisp little figures, were transferred bodily to the new and totally different instrument. Chopin was the first who wrote for the piano with complete intelligence and sympathy. Beethoven, indeed, composed some of his noblest music for the instrument, but he achieved his ends in his own masterful way, subduing it, as it were, and forcing it to do his will, rather than adapting himself to its humours. Many passages in his sonatas read like transcriptions from the orchestral score. Chopin never wrote a bar without having in view the peculiarities of his favourite instrument. He never forgot, as some have forgotten, that the pianoforte is an instrument of percussion, on which a note is no sooner sounded than it begins to die away. He realised that it excelled all other instruments in the clean and even production of extremely rapid series of notes; and he may be said to have discovered the pedals. Before his time pianists had only made use of the pedals to produce *forte* and *piano* effects.

Chopin perceived that with their help a wonderful variety of "tone-colour" could be attained. He was the first to make constant use of the "loud" pedal in soft passages, and the first to discover the "veiled" effect that can be produced by using both pedals together. Turning over his music, one notices a pedal mark under nearly every bar; and one may safely say that it is never placed there unnecessarily. Original in everything, he invented a new technique, in which the rigid old rules of fingering were flung to the winds, the thumb was used freely on the black notes, the second and third fingers were passed over the fourth in ascending scales, and deliberate use was made of the inequalities in the strength of the fingers, whereas the usual way was to train the weaker ones to an equality with the stronger. And finally, he made a freer and more intelligent use of "ornament" than any serious composer before or since. His melody wanders at times through a delicate mist of little subsidiary notes, that tinge it with fanciful, ever-varying colours, but never grow so thick as to obscure its path. In fact, to quote Sir Hubert Parry, "with Chopin the very idea is often stated in terms of most graceful and finished ornamentation, such as is most peculiarly suited to the genius of the instrument."

So we come to the form and matter of the tone-poems. Chopin stands in the front rank of the modern revolt against eighteenth-century formalism. It was not for him to achieve, as Beethoven did, the "perfect balance of expression and design." With design, as Bach and Mozart understood it, his ill-regulated mind had little to do. Perhaps he is the only great musician who never wrote a fugue. His genius was essentially subjective; abstract thought was alien to him, and his one aim was to express his vivid personal emotions with all the resources at his command. But he is never incoherent; in its wildest moments his music escapes being formless by reason of the oneness of emotion that inspires it. He had always a definite meaning in his mind when he wrote; his work is programme-music in the best sense of that much-abused term.

The aloofness of pure music from the other arts and from the world of men and things, and its "inexact and boundless" nature, to adopt Emerson's epithets, have proved a stumbling-block to many who demand a clear intellectual impression from every work of art. They are not content to listen to mere beautiful sound; they must have a *meaning*—a story to follow, a picture to imagine. And while much music—especially in the early masters—exists only for itself, the tendency among modern composers has been to concede to this desire for definite impression. Pushed too far, it degenerates into mere imitation, and we get such terrible stuff as the too-familiar "descriptive fantasia" of the band on the pier. But even the stoutest opponent of programme-music can hardly deny the composer the right of drawing his inspiration from what source he

pleases. He may reveal the source by affixing an explanatory title, as Schumann often did; or, like Chopin, he may leave it for the intelligent listener to decipher. Under the vague names of Ballades, Preludes, and the like, we have a number of highly poetical pieces, more or less obviously expressive of various shades of sentiment and passion. The general tone of each is unmistakable; if you care to distinguish and analyse, or even to fit a little story or imaginary picture to suit, you are at liberty to do so. Your interpretation may differ from your neighbour's, and both from Chopin's original meaning; that does not matter. His aim was not to make you see his picture or unravel his story, but to arouse in you the same emotions that the picture or story aroused in him.¹

¹ The *reductio ad absurdum* of programme-music is supplied by Chopin himself. The familiar waltz in D flat is known as the *Valse du Petit Chien*, because it is said to have been suggested by the frantic gyrations of a little dog in pursuit of its own tail. It is safe to say that no one who was ignorant of this story would ever think of fitting such an "interpretation" to the music.

If one considers Chopin's work in the bulk, it cannot be denied that the general effect is one of monotony. His scope was limited by his personality; the field he tilled, though wonderfully fertile, was a narrow one. His mannerisms are artfully disguised, but they peep out. Perhaps he understood the piano too well; one longs at times for a respite from accompaniments in "extended harmonies," for more virile themes, crisper, more closely knit, and less luxuriantly ornate. "Over all," says one of his biographers, "is the fragrance, not of nature, but of the hot-house." One gasps for breath among these overpowering exotics, with their gorgeous colours and enervating perfume. Chopin has been called the Shelley of music; if one must draw a parallel of the kind, Keats supplies a closer one, and a closer still, Rossetti. As with Rossetti, his influence on weak and morbid natures makes for anything but edification; but, like Rossetti, he has much that is lovely and precious to offer those who know how to choose aright; and with all his faults he left the world richer in beauty than he found it.

BISMARCK AND HIS BOSWELL.

DOCTOR MORITZ BUSCH, in three portly volumes which have been recently published by Macmillan, professes to give some secret pages from the life of Prince Bismarck, the great Iron Chancellor, whose death the Fatherland has not yet ceased to mourn. Busch throughout this work displays an unbounded admiration, amounting to adoration, for the great German statesman. No personal or mental characteristics of "the chief" are too minute for his notice, and no matter how savage the "chief's" taunts or how contemptuous his treatment of "little Büschlein," his faithful henchman found nothing but pleasure in swallowing them. It is probably on these grounds that Doctor Busch in this country has been compared with Johnson's immortal biographer. If these are not the grounds, I know no others.

But what a libel on the magnificent work of the Laird of Auchinleck! Boswell is the first of biographers, although one of the meanest of men. He was proud of his position as slave, Paul Pry, and lick-spittle. He had no eloquence, no wit, no taste, no tact; but he succeeded, nevertheless, in writing a book which gives a life-like portraiture of one of the greatest of English men of letters—his personal appearance and strange habits, his sonorous diction, his fireside homeliness, his keen wit, his prejudices, his deep faith and trust in God. No other proof of Johnson's greatness is required than the fact that he abides in our love and admiration, notwithstanding this unsparing biography—

that, on the whole, it has raised rather than degraded him in our estimation.

Busch comes to his work equipped with many of Boswell's qualities—indefatigable industry, a retentive memory, keen observation, but at the same time rivalling the English writer in his vanity and self-importance, in his tastelessness, tactlessness, pettiness, and malevolence. His book moreover is utterly lacking in perspective. He discusses the furniture in Bismarck's country houses, the origin of Jewish names, and the weightiest affairs of state at equal length. Within the compass of a few pages you hear about a pen-wiper, a porcelain vase, a treaty with Russia, and the intrigues of the Court. As a work of art the book is valueless. It is an ill-assorted and heterogeneous mass of gossip and backstairs politics, with wandering accounts of the mazes of intrigue to which the Chancellor was exposed, and the steps he took to clear himself of the plots and machinations levelled against him. Most of this has long been matter of common knowledge; but it is only fair to state that much of what now appears for the first time is interesting, and also to some extent valuable.

There can be no doubt that Busch for many years was in an excellent position to study his subject, and, as I have pointed out, he had at any rate one indispensable qualification for a biographer—unbounded admiration for his hero. He begins his letters to Bismarck as follows: "Most noble prince, most mighty Chancellor, most gracious chief and master."

When "the chief" confers a slight favour on him his delight is childlike. On one occasion the Chancellor had given him some little piece of his confidence for publication in the newspapers. Busch's gratitude overflowed:

"I then thanked him once more for his confidence, and said I would let myself be cut to pieces for his sake, as for me he was like one of God's prophets on earth. He pressed my hand and dismissed me with the words 'Auf Wiedersehen in Varzin!' Blessings on his head!"

And again:

"When dinner was announced he let me go in front of him, and as he walked behind patted me a couple of times on the back, caressingly, evidently in the humour in which he was at Ferrières when he called me 'Büschlein'—his little Busch."

This is a very ignoble sort of hero-worship; but Doctor Busch was not employed by the Chancellor to do noble work. He was Bismarck's most pliable instrument in communicating his chief's purpose—but not necessarily his chief's thoughts and policy—to various German and foreign newspapers. A careful perusal of the articles written by this willing tool, many of which are reproduced in the "Secret Pages," lets in some queer side-lights on the windings and twistings of the Bismarckian policy at certain critical stages of the history of Europe during the years between 1870 and 1890. We are lost in amazement at the unscrupulousness and duplicity of much of the Chancellor's conduct of affairs with the press; but still greater is our astonishment at the subserviency of a press which allowed itself to be manipulated in so shameless a manner. Small wonder that Bismarck contemptuously alluded to it as the "Reptile" press. For a grain of court favour, for a few hundred marks derived from the advertisements which the Government could insert, for an order or decoration, for a special piece of information, there were scores of newspapers in Germany during Bismarck's regime that were willing to prostitute their columns by gladly retracting to-day the words to which they had yesterday pledged themselves. There are still signs of this decadence in the press of to-day, and it will be many years before German newspapers can altogether free themselves from the corrupting influences to which they fell a victim during the reign of the Iron Chancellor.

Let me give an example of Bismarck's dealing with the press, with Busch as his go-between. The italics are mine:

"I read over to the Minister [Bismarck], at his request, an article which he ordered yesterday, and for which he gave me the leading ideas. *It was to be dated from Paris, and published in the 'Kölnische Zeitung.'* He said: 'Yes, you have correctly expressed my meaning . . . but no Frenchman thinks in such logical and well-ordered fashion, yet the letter is to be understood as written by a Frenchman. It must contain more gossip, and you must pass more lightly from point to point. In doing so you must adopt an altogether French standpoint. . . .'"

Finally Bismarck dictated the greater part of the article, which was in due form sent to the editor of the "Cologne Gazette," and represented the opinion of a Liberal Parisian as to the

position of his party towards the German question. More than once or twice throughout these remarkable disclosures about Bismarck's relations to the press we find the Chancellor giving instructions to Busch to write to certain papers as though he were their correspondent in Paris or London or Vienna. During the negotiations between Count Beust and the Vatican, Busch had instructions to write a letter to a certain newspaper, purporting to come from Rome, and giving the opinions of the Roman Curia. Applied to such tactics, the word dishonesty seems colourless.

Or what are we to think of statements like these:

"The Minister [Bismarck] subsequently dictated the following to be worked up for the German newspapers outside Berlin, such as the 'Kölnische Zeitung,' and for the English and Belgian journals?"

Telegraphing from Varzin to Busch, the Chancellor gives the following instructions:

"The semi-official organs should indicate that this does not seem the proper time for a discussion of the succession to the Spanish throne. . . . Then in the non-official press great surprise should be expressed at the presumption of the French who have discussed the question very fully in the Chamber. . . ."

But a more flagrant instance still may be found in directions to the ever amenable Busch, as follows:

"Kindly commit the indiscretion of handing the enclosed to the correspondent of the 'Daily Telegraph.' You must not tell him anything more than appears in the introductory part. . . ."

What would Englishmen say if it transpired that their rulers and statesmen, they whom the nation delighted to honour, were engaged in such underground tactics? And yet this artificial manufacture of public opinion seems to have been carried on in Germany for twenty years almost without a protest, and as in the nature of things. It is all very pitiable, and we cannot understand how Bismarck himself, in personal matters a man of unimpeachable integrity, could stoop to soil his hands with such base intrigues.

As a politician and diplomatist, Bismarck all through these pages is presented in anything but a pleasant light. His diplomatic methods as delineated by Busch were often startling. One or two instances may well be quoted. There was a Bavarian ambassador in Berlin, a certain Pergler von Perglas, who seems to have incurred the Chancellor's ill-will to a remarkable degree. "He is as bad as he can be," Busch was told in confidence. And then Bismarck continued: "I do not say this because he is a Particularist, but he has always been in favour of the French. I never tell him anything when he comes to see me, or at least not the truth."

Here is a story of how the important treaty of Gastein was negotiated with the Austrian Minister Blome:

"I played quinze with him for the last time in my life. Although I had not played then for a long time, I gambled recklessly, so that the others were astounded. But I knew what I was at. Blome had heard that quinze gave the best



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PRINCE BISMARCK.

FROM THE PICTURE BY LENBACH
PAINTED AT FRIEDRICHSRUH.

opportunity of testing a man's character, and he was anxious to try the experiment on me. I thought to myself, I'll teach him. I lost a few hundred thalers, for which I might well have claimed reimbursement from the State, as having been expended on his Majesty's service. But I got round Blome in that way, and made him do what I wanted. He took me to be reckless, and yielded."

We can hardly credit this, and yet it must be true. Busch does not invent. We have here a method of diplomacy better suited to the minions of Cardinal Richelieu, more in keeping with the ethics of an Italian republic of the Renaissance, than with the dignity of the great Chancellor of the German Empire.

The following example of Bismarck's diplomatic practice is new to the world. It dates from the period of the war against Austria in 1866:

"Just after the first shot had been fired I sent Gablentz to the Emperor at Vienna with proposals for peace on a dualistic basis. I instructed him to point out that we had seven or eight hundred thousand men under arms, while they also had a great number. It would therefore be better for us both to come to an agreement, and, making a change of front towards the West, unite our forces in attacking France, recapture Alsace, and turn Strasburg into a federal fortress. The French were weak as compared with us. There might be no just cause for war, but we could plead with the other Powers that France had also acted unjustly in taking Alsace and Strasburg, whence she had continually menaced South Germany ever since. If we were to bring these as a gift to the Germans they would accept our dualism. They, the Austrians, should rule in the South and have command of the seventh and eighth army corps, while we should have command of the ninth and tenth, and the federal command in chief in the North. Well, Gablentz submitted his proposal to the Emperor, who seemed not disinclined to entertain it, but declared he must first hear the views of the Minister for Foreign Affairs, Mensdorff, you know. He, however, was a weak-minded mediocrity, unequal to ideas of that calibre, and he said he must first take counsel with the ministers. They were in favour of war with us. The Minister of Finance said he believed they would beat us, and he must first of all get a war indemnity of five hundred millions out of us, or a good opportunity for declaring the insolvency of the State. The Minister of War was not displeased with my suggestion, but in his opinion we ought to have our own fight out first, and then we could come to an understanding and fall upon the French together. So Gablentz returned without having effected his purpose, and a day or two afterwards the King and myself started for the seat of war."

This is certainly startling. It happened over thirty years ago; but we involuntarily ask ourselves, are diplomatic affairs of such fearful moment being carried on now in this manner? Are contemporary ministers of state sending embassies to other ministers with orders to discuss such fearful issues in this cold-blooded Machiavelian manner? Surely no more terrible instance could be given of the truth of the saying that the lives of ordinary men are but pawns in the hands of kings and ministers to dispose upon the board just as they think the game should be played. Says Busch in his preface: "The diplomatic world, in particular, must be represented here as it really is. In that respect this book may be described as a mirror for diplomatists."

But it is not only from diplomatists that Bismarck raises the veil. In his numerous conversations with Busch he seems to take a

ferocious delight in placing German princes in the pillory. A true Royalist to the last drop of his blood, he yet permits himself to criticise the actions and words of the royalties with whom he is ever in contact, with a freedom and unrestraint, and often with a brutal force, which must be delicious reading to the million or so of social democrats in the Fatherland. The old Emperor he loved with sincere affection. No one can doubt that who saw his pale face with the hot tears coursing down it when he informed the Reichstag of the death of his venerable master. But in his talks with Doctor Busch he does not spare him, and Dr. Busch is evidently delighted to make the most of this valuable copy. The following is a specimen:

"I had a hard time of it with him at Versailles for whole weeks [Bismarck is speaking of the old Emperor]. I wished to retire, and there was nothing to be done with him. Even now I have often a great deal of trouble with him. One writes an important note or despatch, revises it, rewrites it six or even seven times, and then when he comes to see it he adds things that are entirely unsuitable—the very opposite of what one means and wishes to attain—and what is more, it is not even grammatical. Indeed, one might almost say that the Nobling affair [the attempt on the Kaiser's life] was a piece of good luck. If that had not happened I should not have secured anything at the Congress; for he is always in favour of schemes that will not work, and is wilful and opinionated in maintaining them. Others, too, in his most intimate *entourage* have to suffer from this aggravating peculiarity of his which he calls conscientiousness. You should see them when they no longer have to deal with him—they look quite changed, just as if they had returned from a holiday."

Still he loved his old master, and devoted his best energies and his wonderful gifts to his service. Until the very last he cherished his memory, and we now know that when he lay dying at Friedrichsruh last July he begged his relatives to place upon his grave the simple and touching inscription, "A true servant of Kaiser Wilhelm the First."

How different his feelings were to the Empress Augusta all the world now knows. It is no exaggeration to say that this strong-minded and remarkable woman had incurred the Chancellor's anger, and that he hated her with a perfect hatred. Busch's three volumes teem with proofs of this. She is represented as the centre of that coalition which desired to stay the hand which Bismarck had raised to strike France. She is sneered at as an energetic woman advanced in years, desiring to play a political part, a desire which grows upon her with age. She is accused of influencing her aged consort, of conspiring with the Crown Princess (Victoria of England), of working up the Roman Catholic priests in favour of her intrigues.

"She has always desired to play a part," said the Chancellor to Busch, "first with the Liberals and the friends of enlightenment, now with the Ultramontanes and the orthodox Court preachers. She has become pious now that she is growing old. If she is not a Catholic she will be so very soon. We know that she negotiated during the war with Dupanloup [Bishop of Orleans] by letter. . . . The Emperor is old and allows himself to be influenced by her more and more. He has never had that strength of character with which many people credit him. . . . The

Empress has taken it into her head to be an Angel of Peace. She therefore writes letters to foreign Sovereigns, to the Queen of England, for instance, which she afterwards mentions to her consort, who, however, says nothing about it to me."

Another influential person at Court who evidently tried to cross the Chancellor's path was the Crown Princess, now the Empress Frederick. This gifted lady undoubtedly impelled Bismarck's respect, never his admiration. Throughout this book we have copious evidence of this. No one, however, can do anything but condemn Bismarck for continuing his attitude of hostility towards the widowed Empress for long years after she had quitted the political arena. It is pretty well known that until the last he held the notion that she was responsible for many of the misfortunes which visited her unhappy husband. Busch tells a curious story of the relations between the Chancellor and the Crown Princess:

"I took the liberty to ask the chief what sort of woman the Crown Princess was, and whether she had much influence over her husband. 'I think not,' he replied, 'and as to her intelligence, she is a clever woman, clever in a womanly way. She is not able to disguise her feelings, or at least not always. I have cost her many tears, and she could not conceal how angry she was with me after the annexations of Schleswig and Hanover. She could hardly bear the sight of me, but that feeling has now somewhat subsided. She once asked me to bring her a glass of water, and as I handed it to her she said to a lady-in-waiting who sat near, and whose name I forget, 'He has cost me as many tears as there is water in this glass.' But that is all over now."

There is another anecdote of the Princess which Busch relates, told to him by Bismarck as the German armies were before Paris:

"The English," said the Chancellor, "are full of vexation and envy because we have fought great battles here and won them. They cannot bear to think that shabby little Prussia should prosper so. The Prussians are a people who should merely exist in order to carry on war for them in their pay. That is the view taken by all the upper classes in England. They have never been well disposed towards us, and have always done their utmost to injure us. The Crown Princess herself is an incarnation of this way of thinking. She is full of her own great condescension in marrying into our country. I remember her once telling me that two or three merchant families in Liverpool had more silver plate than the entire Prussian nobility. 'Yea,' I replied, 'that is possibly true, your Royal Highness; but we value ourselves for other things besides silver.'"

The Emperor Frederick and Bismarck were never on really cordial terms. He was a mediocrity, according to the Chancellor, a man only imperfectly acquainted with State affairs—easy-going, pleasure-loving, terribly under petticoat government, and wasting much valuable time conversing with professors, and in other dilettante pursuits. Bismarck seems to have believed that Frederick was bribed by the Queen of England to support British policy in Berlin. The idea is preposterous, and yet he must have had some foundation for his queer notion. He calls it Queen Victoria's 'generosity' when he mentions the matter to Busch.

Thickly scattered throughout these three volumes we have scorching remarks on scores of persons who had crossed the Chancellor's

path. Our gracious Queen is no exception. They were remarks, of course, not intended for publication, but it is amazing that a man in the Chancellor's position should have forgotten himself so far as to confide his views on principalities and powers to so leaky a person as Doctor Moritz Busch. We read of Bismarck regretting that there is no more *rocher de bronce* about German princes. All they care for is to be praised in the newspapers, and to get as much money as possible for their personal requirements. They are all imperfectly educated. He complained that they used the field telegraph at Paris to wire home instructions about their kitchens, stables, and theatres. They gave him no peace. He feared they would eventually force their way into his bedroom.

Of the Emperor Napoleon III, Bismarck had a very poor opinion. "A good, honest fellow, but a fool," is hardly an opinion that would be endorsed in this country, but it was Bismarck's.

"Good-natured, sensitive, even sentimental, and a poor hand at geography," are further contributions to a study of the French ruler's character and mental equipment. And, finally, he sums him up thus: "A silly fool—stupid and sentimental."

It is a relief to turn from these aspects of the great statesman's character to others, where we can see him in a light which is not that of courts and palaces and the political forum. In these lofty regions he was perpetually playing a part, perpetually engaged in a struggle against powerful and unscrupulous foes. Is it any justification of the great Minister to say that he fought with the same weapons as those in the hands of his enemies? Perhaps not. But he was in the midst of envy, hatred, and malice, and in his struggle for the honour, glory, and greatness of the land he loved, he resorted to expedients and employed agents which were never to his liking, and which in his heart he really despised.

Busch is at his best in revealing these side-lights on his hero. He revels in the tittle-tattle of the camp and court. He is at home in tracing the mazes of court intrigue in which the Chancellor is involved; but when he leaves these regions, where the air is impure, and gets the Chancellor out into the more wholesome atmosphere of a better world, he is over-awed, and falls down and worships him. We are grateful to this German Boswell for telling us, for example, that Bismarck could not conceive how men can live together in an orderly manner, how one can do his duty and allow others to do theirs, without faith in a revealed religion, in God, Who wills what is right, in a higher Judge and a future life.

"If I were not a Christian," said the Iron Chancellor on another occasion, "I would not serve the King another hour. If I did not put my trust in God I should certainly place none in any earthly masters. Why should I labour and toil unceasingly in this world, and expose myself to worry and vexation if I did not feel that I must do my duty towards God? If I did not believe in a Divine Providence which has ordained this German nation to something good and great, I would at once give up my trade as a statesman, or I would never have gone into the business. Orders and titles

have no attraction for me. A resolute faith in a life after death—for that reason I am a Royalist, otherwise I am by nature a Republican. Yes, I am a Republican in the highest degree; and the firm determination which I have displayed for ten long years in presence of all possible forms of absurdity at court is solely due to my resolute faith. Deprive me of this faith, and you deprive me of my fatherland. If I were not a firm believer in Christianity, if I had not the wonderful basis of religion, you would never have had such a Chancellor of the Confederation. I should have turned my back on the whole court—and if you are able to find me a successor who has that basis I will retire at once. But I am living among heathens. I do not want to make any proselytes, but I feel a necessity to confess this faith."

There is a fine Cromwellian ring in these sentences. There can be no doubt of their sincerity. We know that Bismarck was a man of pronounced religious sentiments, that religion was more to him than a mere outward accompaniment of state. There are numerous memorable utterances of his on record to show this. Most of them are quite unconventional sayings, but they express a firm faith in Christ as his Redeemer. Almost by accident, Doctor Busch gives us a glimpse of Bismarck which reveals his deep religious feelings. He is describing the scenes after Sedan. Early one morning Bismarck was visited by the French General Reille, on matters connected with the capitulation, and the Chancellor was obliged to turn out of bed earlier than usual, leaving his room in disorder. Busch, in the true spirit of the prying valet, entered to see what he could turn to use. On the floor he found "Daily Watchwords and Texts of the Moravian Brethren for 1870," and "Daily Spiritual Refreshment for Believing Christians." The Chancellor, the man of blood and iron, the unscrupulous diplomatist, was in the habit of reading these books every night before he went to sleep. It is not for us to attempt to explain the amazing contradictions implied by facts of this kind. The record shows all too plainly that he made no effort to conform word or act to the spiritual law—yet close about him was another world of intellect and belief, in which he seems to have found his philosophy of life.

There is another passage in Busch in which the Chancellor connects his faith in God with loyalty to the house of Hohenzollern, which I confess I am not quite able to understand, but it is worth quoting:

"How willingly would I go away! I enjoy country life, the woods and nature. Sever my connection with God, and I am a man who would pack up to-morrow and be off to Varzin to cultivate his oats. You would then deprive me of my king, because why?—if there is no divine commandment, why should I subordinate myself to these Hohenzollerns? They are a Suabian family, no better than my own, and in that case no concern of mine."

There was much in Bismarck's temperament that was extremely lovable; those who were admitted to his immediate friendship all unite in saying this. Harsh, with an iron character, self-confident, proud, there was a strong vein of simplicity in his nature, and not infrequently his friends noticed that in his reflective moods he was more than tinged with a strange poetic melancholy. Busch calls it "Weltschmerz"—

world pain; and is reminded of Solomon when he exclaimed: "Then I looked on all the works that my hands had wrought, and on the labour that I had laboured to do: behold, all was vanity and vexation of spirit, and there was no profit under the sun." I think the following extract is inexpressibly touching. On one Sunday afternoon Bismarck was sitting at the fire gazing into space, complaining that he had had little satisfaction or pleasure from his political life. He had made no one happy thereby, neither himself, nor his family, nor others. Then he broke out:

"There is no doubt that I have caused unhappiness to great numbers. But for me three great wars would not have taken place, eighty thousand men would not have been killed, and would not now be mourned by parents, brothers, sisters, and widows."

"And sweethearts," I added somewhat prosaically and inconsiderately.

"And sweethearts," he repeated. "I have settled that with God, however. But I have had little, if any, pleasure from all I have done."

It is pleasant to read of his enjoyment of nature, of his delight when he is alone in the woods and with wild animals. He knew every beautiful tree in his parks. He studied them. The moon and stars have seen him wandering under them in profound meditation. During his campaign in France and his absences from home, the homely scenes about his house would appear to him in dreams, with the glint of the sunshine on the trees.

"He spoke repeatedly of what he had noticed in the park, and could tell many pleasant stories about the rooks in the tree-tops, how they 'taught their children to fly,' and how they afterwards took them to the seaside in order to give them 'a diet of worms,' and how, like people of position, they take a town residence during the winter in the church towers of Stolpe and Schlawa."

And again:

"I always feel happiest in my top-boots, striding through the heart of the forest, where I hear nothing but the knocking and hammering of the woodpecker, far away from your civilisation."

There is much more that might detain us in Busch's pages, but enough has been quoted to outline the complex character of the great Teutonic empire-maker. I might have dwelt, perhaps, on his fall when he retired to his Sachsenwald, shaken in health and shaken in mind. The diarist does not spare him in his misery; but I would rather not quote those pictures of that great mind lacerated and mortified by what he felt was base ingratitude in high places.

Bismarck's Boswell has not written a book to which the historical student will ever turn: he has disfigured his work with grave blemishes of taste and tact; but no one can rise from its perusal without feeling that the hero of these pages was indeed a man of profound genius, who wrought devotedly for the well-being of his beloved Fatherland, a statesman of piercing insight and consummate skill in the management of men, a man who has won, because he has deserved, the love and veneration of his fellow-countrymen.

THE PORT OF LONDON.

I.



ENTRANCE TO LONDON DOCKS.

LONDON as a port is like London as a city. As a whole it is too large and many-featured to be compared with any other place. Unless made with parts of it, comparisons are simply misleading; and there is no place that parts of it do not resemble.

Unlike all other ports, it does something of everything and takes something of everything. There are no blanks in the London column of the annual Custom House return; it being the only port in these islands of which this can be said. And it is far and away the busiest port for colonial and dutiable merchandise. Our total customs revenue is £22,123,000, and of this London yields £9,650,000, or three times as much as Liverpool, six times as much as Bristol, eight times as much as Glasgow, and nine times as much as Belfast.

To make its position clear, let us have a few diagrams. Our first shall show on the dark side the amount of imports used in the United Kingdom in 1897, and on the light side the amount of British produce and manufactures exported. One side gives 391 millions' worth, the other 234 millions' worth.

But to arrive at the total trade, we must add to this the amount of foreign and colonial goods that are imported and then exported;

this now stands at about 60 millions; and our diagram, to the same scale as the former one, is thereby enlarged at both ends. The total is 745 millions, or rather over two millions' worth of goods entering and leaving these islands every day of the year.

The imports are 451 millions, the exports 294. The imports we have subdivided, showing the amount of those we receive from British possessions, 94 millions, and the 357 millions we receive from foreigners. The exports are similarly subdivided. To the extreme right is the 60 millions' worth of foreign and colonial goods, the clear space giving the British produce and manufactures as in the first diagram.

So far with regard to the general trade. Let us now have a diagram to the same scale with the exports and imports, and the amount of each for which London is responsible. Out of a total trade of 745 millions, London handles nearly 234 millions, of which 151 millions are imports, and nearly 83 millions exports. Her predominating position could not be more clearly shown. She claims close on three-tenths of the exports, and over a third of the imports. Of the imports she, as a matter of fact, takes more, for the bulk of the goods entering Dover, Folkestone, Harwich, and Southampton, really

come to the London warehouses, though not landed in the port of London.

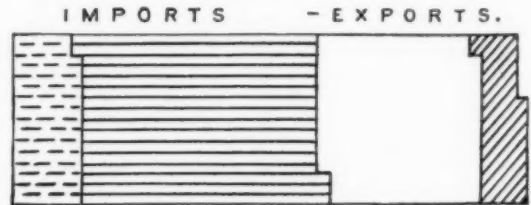
In imports, London is easily first, but in exports she has to take second place to Liverpool, the reason being that Liverpool is much nearer the manufacturing districts. Between them London and Liverpool do more than half our shipping trade. Let us have one more diagram. Here are the 745 millions again

is one article paying duty it is obvious that the rest must be searched.

But, beyond all this, the imports come here to be sold, and to facilitate their sale the bulk of them are stored for a time in warehouses, bonded or free, where in many instances they are sampled and sorted into qualities. Hence it is that the attention of the sightseer is more directed to imports than to exports, and nowhere



IMPORTS USED OR CONSUMED IN THE UNITED KINGDOM, AND EXPORTS OF BRITISH PRODUCE AND MANUFACTURES.



TOTAL TRADE, INCLUDING FOREIGN AND COLONIAL GOODS.

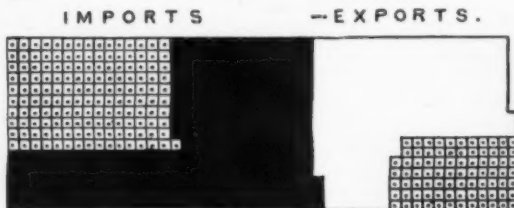
divided up into imports and exports between the two great centres and the crowd of smaller ports. We have put Liverpool in the place of honour because, although her 102 millions of imports are about two-thirds only those of London, her exports—77 millions of British goods and 13½ millions of foreign and colonial merchandise—are greater. In each case we have shown the proportion that the British bear to the foreign and colonial goods, and it is noticeable that London exports more of the latter than Liverpool and all the rest of the ports put together.

To make the story complete, we should add to these totals a little item of 10½ millions' worth of merchandise imported into this island for direct transshipment. Of these 9½ millions come from foreign countries, the rest from the colonies, the trade being to all intents and purposes distributed among three ports, London taking nearly 4½ millions, Liverpool nearly 3 millions, and Southampton over 2½. This brings the Liverpool imports up to £104,851,000

has he a greater variety to interest him than in the warehouses of the port of London.

The principal docks of the port are now under one management, the Joint Committee having control of St. Katharine's, London, West India, East India, Victoria, Albert, and Tilbury, seven groups in all, together with three town warehouses, those at Cutler Street, Crutched Friars, and Commercial Road, and a cold storage depôt adjoining the Central Meat Market. There are other docks, several of them; and there are the wharves and other warehouses, but these we will deal with in due time.

It might be supposed that when a ship is unloaded in dock the goods are put direct into the warehouses of that dock for distribution; but this is not the case. There are no warehouses at all at the East India Docks, nor at the Albert Dock, nor at Tilbury, and the goods landed there have to be loaded into lighters or vans and brought to the other docks for storing. The system is carried even further, for the Joint Committee, finding themselves in control of



THE TOTAL TRADE, SHOWING LONDON'S SHARE OF IT.



THE TOTAL TRADE AS DISTRIBUTED AMONG THE PORTS.

and those of London to £155,640,000, or, say, half as much again.

Imports, and how they are dealt with. In a general way there is more interest in imports than in exports. Exports go on board ship at once, packed in cases, bales, crates, or what not, and are mostly taken for granted; but imports have to be seen by the Customs, whether dutiable or not, for, were not all to be examined, smuggling could flourish without a check. So long as there

enormous warehouses at docks from which the trade has drifted, have, for economy in management, devoted them to the storage of certain goods received by the whole group. Thus all the rum goes to the West India, and if a vessel comes into any of the other docks with rum among its cargo, the rum has to go by land or river to the West India, whether it be up stream or down.

All the unmanufactured tobacco goes to

Victoria, while the manufactured—the cigars, cigarettes, cavendish, and so on—goes to Crutched Friars. All the hard woods, mahogany, teak, walnut, and woods used for furniture go to West India; all the grain goes to Victoria, though most of the grain coming to London is

Katharine's Wool goes to St. Katharine's and London; wine and brandy to London; india-rubber and gutta-percha to St. Katharine's; drugs and gums to London or Crutched Friars; ivory goes to London, so do the spices; shells, sponges, and vanilla go to Crutched Friars,



IN THE LONDON DOCKS. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

landed in the Millwall Docks, which are in entirely different hands. Tea goes to St. Katharine's and Cutler Street, unless received at Tilbury, when it goes to Commercial Road. Indigo, which is still imported to the value of a million and a half, of which London receives over a million and a quarter, goes to St.

while carpets, silk, China and Japan ware, and feathers and birds, go to Cutler Street. These examples are sufficient to show how the warehousing is simplified, so that the merchant should find the goods together no matter by what ship they have come.

It should be borne in mind that the Joint

Committee are something more than mere custodians of the merchandise they warehouse. Among their duties is to open the packages containing the goods which are sold by inspection of the whole package, and to furnish samples of the goods which are sold by sample, and, in many cases, as we have said, to sort the goods into qualities and, in some cases, mix or blend them. They stand, in fact, as impartial intermediaries between the buyer and the seller; and, in such things as taking samples, they have a reputation for fairness to keep up which cannot be done unless their men are skilled in dealing with the class of goods from which the sample is taken. Thus it comes about that by bringing the particular produce to one place it can be put in charge of a few men who become experts in that special line, and never do anything else. At Crutched Friars, as a case in point, there is a man who for thirty years has done nothing but devote his attention to Turkey rhubarb; and what he does not know about that time-honoured cathartic is not worth knowing.

To go the round of the Joint Committee's docks is a week's work. It means a journey along twenty miles of quay, and a visit to warehouse after warehouse and floor above floor, affording in all some fifteen million square feet of space for handling a storage of 800,000 tons of goods. The quantities are, of course, enormous. In many cases they are so great that they cease to be impressive; block after block, alike on all faces, line after line of them, wearisome in their monotony.

Tea. London's principal import is wool; it takes 18 millions' worth out of the 24 millions' worth that reach us yearly. We have, however, already dealt with wool at some length, and can here pass it by, merely remarking that it takes 96 million sheep to yield the bales of wool that annually arrive in London. Next in value to wool comes tea, of which the annual arrivals are worth 10 millions, rather more than less. London is the centre of the British tea trade. Of the 266 million pounds that reach the United Kingdom in a year, London takes 265. Tea used to hail almost exclusively from China, now Chinese teas have had to give place to those from India and Ceylon, so that out of the 266 million pounds, 234 come from British possessions. Of this tea we export over 37 million pounds, of which seven go to our Colonies, Canada alone taking nearly four million pounds. When it is considered that London begins the year with a stock in bond of 100 million pounds, and that the Joint Committee house and handle annually 867,000 packages, it will be seen that here is an enormous business.

The scale on which it is conducted is, perhaps, most apparent just before the middle of July, when the floors are cleared ready for the new arrivals, the dimensions of the space being more easily realised when empty than when packed with chests. But let those who doubt this as mere paradox go in the height of the season

and lose themselves among the blocks of packages.

There is much more work connected with these than might be supposed. It is not a question of merely taking in the tea, piling it up and then handing it out again. Every package has to be weighed and tared and numbered, those covered with matting being marked in ink, those without wrappers having the figures cut into them with a scribing iron. Then the canes which have been fastened round the package before shipment have to be cut off, and wooden hoops nailed round instead, so that the frail chest should not fall to pieces—chest, that is, in a general sense, a chest, technically speaking, holding 126 lb., while a half-chest holds 70 lb., and a box 28 lb.

In some places you will see rows of these packages laid open to be inspected by the selling brokers, and these all have to be nailed up again, re-weighed, and stored for delivery. A further feature with regard to the Indian and Ceylon teas is the bulking. Here you have the contents of many packages turned out on to the floor, and mixed together by wooden spades, digging into the heaps and scattering the tea about, so as to make some freely advertised blend. One would think the men were gardening on heaps of mould; the heaps are immense, as much as 450,000 lb. of tea being often in bulk at a time. At Cutler Street the operations even go farther, for there you find the tea being made up in pound packets, and lesser sizes, ready for export or distribution.

No trade seems to be more firmly established than that in tea, and yet its very existence depends on the cheapest of labour. To produce a pound of tea costs the labour of one man for a day; take it at its wholesale price, knock off the duty, and you need not trouble about the shipper's profit to see how very little the labourer must earn, and what a very little extra would cause a storm in the tea-cup.

A good deal of indigo goes to Indigo, etc. St. Katharine's—near the tea—as well as to Crutched Friars. In these aniline days it is a surprise to find indigo in much use; but it has not yet been excelled as the basis of a really good dye for woollen goods. Its general effect is familiar, from the appearance of the hand-cart in the city taking samples about the Mincing Lane district. The characteristic blueness extends from the three and a-half inch cubes to the men and materials they come in contact with. Over 4,000 tons of these cubes reach this country in a year, of which London takes nine-tenths, the bulk of it coming from India, mainly Bengal; in fact, India yields thirteen-fourteenths of the world's production, next to it in importance, as a source of supply, being the Central American Republic of San Salvador.

Another interesting place in St. Katharine's is the high warehouse in the centre, where perfumes are made in bond for exportation. Hither from San Francisco and elsewhere come the extracts of flowers imprisoned in fat, which

here escape into alcohol, to give the familiar toilet perfumes, or rather the constituents of which many are composed. And none of these perfumes, in large quantities, are, to put it mildly, quite what you would expect.

Divided from St. Katharine's by Ivory. Nightingale Lane, of which nothing rural is left but its name, are the London Docks, which are almost four times as large, and, continuing in a narrow strip for about a mile to Shadwell, occupy a hundred acres of land and water. Here the ivory first claims attention, and is well worth seeing when laid out for one of the quarterly sales described in "The Leisure Hour" for 1892. London is the centre of the trade, and to these sales come buyers from all parts of the Continent, though, strangely enough, it appears from the accounts that the largest supply now reaches us from Belgium, the port receiving most ivory next to London being Harwich. Belgium, however, means that it has been transhipped at Antwerp on its way from the Congo, and Harwich of course means the transshipments from German Colonies through German or Dutch ports. We shall not be far out in saying that ivory now comes from all round Africa, and none worth mentioning comes from anywhere else. Less and less reaches us from India, as the local demand overtakes the supply, and as to the fossil ivory of Siberia, that now goes entirely to Japan. Ivory in one respect resembles timber. To get the tusks you must kill the elephant, just as to get the timber you must kill the tree; and as it takes about as long to grow an elephant as a tree, and the demand keeps up, the supply naturally decreases. The tusks on this floor represent five thousand elephants. Truly in this case every tooth is a tombstone; some of them have actually been used as such, for, among the hippo teeth, rhinoceros horns, and odds and ends, are a few carved tusks from the burying-place at Benin, where they served to distinguish the graves. Ivory does not look its value in its auction state, laid out in heaps and rows like so much fruit on a stall, each tusk bearing, among other marks, the name of the ship that brought it; and it is difficult to realise that this display in lots is worth, according to the whim of the market, perhaps £80,000.

Above the ivory are the spice Cloves. floors, around which the scent hangs heavy. There is no mistaking this warehouse, you can smell it as you enter the dock gates, and as you pass along Nightingale Lane. Here are cloves in such quantities and qualities as would make a grocer stare—at the best quality especially, for he never gets them into his shop; beautiful specimens these, an inch long and plump in proportion, showing unmistakably the markings of the calyx tube and the traces of the petals in the unexpanded corolla which forms the little round head. Cloves of this kind, rich in flavour, perfect in shape and colour, go to the distillers; the first quality of the shops is

smaller and darker, and the qualities range down to very poor specimens indeed, in which the form is hardly traceable.

Cloves, as is well known, are the unexpanded red flower-buds of a myrtaceous plant, dried by wood fires and in the sun until they are a deep brown, the essential oil accounting for a fifth of their weight. Every part of this fragrant tree has an aromatic odour—bark, leaves, flowers, and fruit, the last like an olive in shape and known as Mother Cloves when dried—and fragments of every part of it, including the fruit stalks, appear to get into consumption by accident or intention. The best cloves come from the Moluccas, where the plant is native. In the seventeenth century they came from Amboyna alone, owing to the Dutch having destroyed the trees in the other islands of the group so as to make sure of a monopoly. But monopoly, like beauty, is transient, and nowadays not only the Moluccas, but Java, Sumatra, Mauritius, Pemba, Zanzibar, Guiana, and the West Indies, all contribute to the London supply.

Nutmegs and
Mace.

As the Dutch destroyed *Caryophyllus aromaticus* in the Moluccas, to secure for themselves the monopoly in cloves, so did they restrict *Myristica fragrans* to the Banda Islands to retain the monopoly in nutmegs. Fortunately the Bandas fell for a time into the hands of the British, who promptly sent out plants to likely places in the tropics, with the result that most of our nutmegs now come from Singapore, Penang, Madagascar, and the West Indies.

Nutmegs are not grown in a hurry. The plantations are always made from seed; the flowers are unisexual, and when the plants are two years old they have their heads cut off and are grafted—the majority with scions of the female, only a few with scions of the male—the flowers not appearing until six or seven years afterwards. The fruit is a round golden pear; the fleshy part is candied into a sweetmeat; next to it comes the reddish aril we know as mace; then comes a thin shiny brown shell containing the kernel we know as the nutmeg.

The mace is dried in the sun, then sprinkled with sea-water to preserve it, and pressed flat into the cases so as to pack in small compass. When it is picked over at the docks the cases have to be raised a third when they are filled again, for the mace being packed wet on the first occasion would break if squeezed back into the same space after sorting, and each flake of mace must leave the warehouse as an unbroken aril, whatever it may have become when it is sold over the retail counter. Hence you can identify a case of mace by its having two-thirds of old wood and one-third of new.

Nutmegs give even more labour. They are very often attacked by a beetle, and to throw out the wormy ones every nutmeg that comes to the docks has to be examined separately—a long task when the arrivals amount to over 200 tons in a year.

Cinnamon.

Yet another floor and we are among the cinnamon, of which we deal with 700 tons a year, all but ten tons coming from Ceylon. The trade has had its vicissitudes. Under the Dutch, Ceylon was the cinnamon isle, where alone they suffered it to grow. When it became British the East India Company took over the monopoly, agreeing to pay £60,000 a year for 4,342½ bales of cinnamon, on condition that all the rest produced in the island should be burnt. The agreement was eventually broken off, but the British Government continued the monopoly, sent the cinnamon to London and sold it at the quarterly sales. This monopoly meant limiting the culture of the plant, and led to oppression and trouble in various ways, which so affected the prosperity of Ceylon that, in 1833, the planters were allowed to cultivate cinnamon as they pleased. But what the Government gave with one hand they took back with the other, for they imposed an export duty on cinnamon of two to three times its value. This bade fair to choke off the industry in Ceylon by causing plantations of the tree to spring up in Java and other places, where it could be sent to market at a much lower price. In despair the Ceylon people began to abandon cinnamon and took to raising coffee, which they did with success; but by-and-by the Government realised how mistaken was the policy of killing a trade, and when the change came Ceylon cinnamon went ahead again and practically regained the monopoly.

Two-thirds of what we get goes out of the country. It is said to be an antidote to mercurial poisoning, and most of our surplus is taken by Spain for use in the quicksilver mines. A good deal of it also goes to Germany and the United States. During its stay here every package is opened and the contents sorted out into three qualities; and it is greatly improved in appearance.

Cinnamon is the bark of a tree which in the plantations is not allowed to exceed ten feet in height. When the branches attain a convenient size they are cut down, the epidermis scraped off them, the bark cut round at intervals and slit and loosened until it peels off in sheets which curl up into quills that are inserted one into the other and tied up in bundles weighing about 88 lb. apiece. When these are opened in London the quills are sorted out separately, and then rolled up much more neatly by a machine, so that a bale of cinnamon, which is a cylinder about a foot across and a yard long, looks like a roll of the reeds from which it got its Hebrew name. There is not much doubt about the qualities, particularly if you give a rub to one end of the cylinder, so as to get a whiff of the real odour; and so closely are the quills packed that this end looks like the end of a sawn log.

Pepper.

Pepper is another old monopoly of which nearly all comes to London. The total importation amounts to 31 million pounds, and of these London takes 30

million, or ten thousand times as much as Alaric required in the ransom of ancient Rome. Two-thirds of our pepper comes from the Straits Settlements, and these and Madras combined account for five-sixths of it. Black or white, it is all from the same tree. You pick the berries as they are changing from green to red and dry them in the sun. Leave them as they are and they are black pepper; soak them in water and rub off the fleshy epicarp and they are white pepper; bleach them with chlorine and they are whiter still. If you like your pepper pungent you will have the black, for the nearer the tissues are to the centre the less they yield of the resin and oil that give the flavour. Buy it ground you buy it blended, and your pepper-pot may contain the produce of three continents—Asia, Africa, and America—with, perhaps, a trifle from Europe thrown in by way of adulteration. Pepper is a spice, a condiment, and a drug—which it is chiefly we leave to others to determine. On this occasion it will have to be the last of our spices, for much more than the spice-box is filled by the Port of London.

W. J. GORDON.

A Ballade of the Moon.

CALM Moon! whose silver beams enfold
The streamlet flowing by the mill,
The fertile plain, the mossy wold,
The valley and the mist-crowned hill;
While thine own land is bare and chill
Wherein men neither sow nor reap,
Nor strive, nor spend, nor laugh, nor weep,
A lifeless World, outworn and still.

Bright Moon! what joys were thine of old?
Did birds amid thy green boughs trill:
Did sunlight touch with dazzling gold
High mountain peak and flowing rill:
Did dews upon thy hills distil?
Did rushing torrents flash and leap:
Did winds with mighty voices sweep
Across thy World, outworn and still?

Cold Moon! thy tale of life is told.
On thee the Sun has worked his will;
Thy seas are dry, thy craters cold,
Moved by no good, harmed by no ill—
Life shall no more thy pulses thrill.
Silence invades each cavern deep,
And echoes from each rocky steep:
A lifeless World, outworn and still.

Dead Moon! wan shades thy gardens fill.
Shadows of dead things therein creep—
Dead things which ne'er shall stir from sleep
In thy pale World, outworn and still.

BEATRICE J. PRALL

THE KHAN'S MUSICIANS.

BY CHARLES LEE

I.—OF THE COMING OF THE MUSICIANS BEFORE THE KHAN.



THE KHAN

ON his throne in the Winter Palace at Cambalu sat Kublai Khan, giving audience, distributing justice, receiving tribute. All of precious stones was his throne, set about with gold, the hangings were of silk embroidered with pearls, and the steps that led to the throne were fashioned entirely of pearls embedded in fine gold. Twenty-four great pillars of gold supported the roof of the hall, and the walls were hung from end to end with the skins of panthers, dyed scarlet, and perfumed with musk. Behind the throne sprang the stem of a vine; and its branches, laden with leaves and fruit, spread in a network over the ceiling. The stem was of purified gold, and the branches and leaves were of gold likewise; but the fruits were precious stones—beryls, topazes, rubies, emeralds, and onyx stones, according to the various colours of growing grapes, white, yellow, red, green, and black. About the throne stood the dukes of Tartary and Cathay, in robes of cloth-of-gold, wrought with gems. In the

hall was also a great golden table, where the imperial astrologers and necromancers sat. They were clad in yellow silk, and before them on the table were set their instruments and vessels, astrolabes, spheres, skulls, braziers holding the sacred fire, flasks containing magic liquors, and all other instruments that were necessary for directing the councils of the Khan. And all the vessels were fashioned of pure gold, and the skulls were overlaid with leaf gold. Silver there was none in the audience hall of the great Khan; all was of gold, and silk, and precious stones.

As the Khan sat on his throne, the keeper of the door of audience came forward, and with many obeisances made known to the Khan that the chiefs of the Imperial College of Musicians were without, seeking audience. And it was the Khan's pleasure that they should be admitted. Then was heard from without the sound of many instruments and voices, sweetly blended, as the songs of the birds are blended among the leaves of the forest in spring. And as the birds of the forest sing each its own song, taking no heed of the rest, the bulbul disdaining to copy the cuckoo, the cuckoo absorbed in ecstatic contemplation of its own melody, and contemptuously disregarding of the bulbul; so the Khan's musicians, mindful of their dignity, played each one a tune of his own composition, in the key that was best suited to the compass of his own instrument. Truly, a concert of the Khan's musicians was full of ravishing variety, and many that heard were like to swoon away out of sheer delight.

The door of audience was thrown open, and the musicians entered, singing and playing, and prostrated themselves before the great Khan. And as they lay prone on the golden floor they still continued to play and sing, their miraculous skill making light of the difficulties of their inconvenient position. Nor did they cease when they rose to their feet again; for such was their devotion to their art that, having once begun, they scorned one and all to make an end until compelled thereto by hoarseness or lack of breath. Truly, their songs were of wondrous length; and the Khan, and the dukes of Tartary and Cathay, and the astrologers and necromancers, listened until they were weary with excess of rapture.

At last the musicians made an end, not altogether, with unseemly abruptness, but one by one, according to their bodily strength and the soundness of their lungs. So, one by one, do the songs of the forest birds die away at the approach of night; and as, when darkness has

silenced the rest, the voice of the bulbul is still heard, a fountain of liquid light in the gloom, so, when all the other musicians stood clearing their throats and gasping for breath, there was one who continued unwearied for a great space of time, blowing with superhuman vigour into the coils of a mighty instrument of brass, producing sounds of such depth and volume that the pearls enmeshed in the hangings of the Khan's throne tinkled together, and the hearts

times over. And the four chief musicians advanced and stood before the steps of the throne. The first was Khadu Khan, chief among chiefs, receiver of revenues and controller of voices. None was fitter than he to rule over the Khan's musicians by reason of his cousinship to the Khan and his exhaustive ignorance of music. Can an ox rule over oxen? Is it meet for a general to carry a pike? The next was Nokhab, most learned



THE CHIEF MUSICIANS

of the hearers sank, as the hearts of the shepherds sink when desert lions roar about them. Of a truth his lungs were the lungs of a great master. But at last he too made an end; his majestic bellow sank to a quavering whisper, and ceased; and with a brazen clatter he fell, exhausted, illustrious, as the armed warrior falls on the field of battle.

Then, all ears being sated of sweet sounds, an officer made proclamation, crying with a loud voice, "Make peace! Make peace!" many

of musicians, to whom it had been granted that his ears should never be offended or dishonoured by an inharmonious sound; for he was stone-deaf from his birth. In his hand he carried a book of mathematical tables, by the aid of which he composed his delectable settings of melting love-songs and warlike odes, constructing each bar in strict accordance with the rules of arithmetical science. The third was Shibān, carrier of the drum; he was founder and head of the illustrious school of Rhythmists,

who despise all melody as an illegitimate and meretricious superfluity, and seek to restrict the professors of the divine art to their obvious and proper function of beating the stick on the stretched parchment. And the fourth was Balachi the seer, the favoured of the gods, to whom the music of the spheres had been made audible. For, one day, as he sat and heard his brother musicians play, he chanced by negligence to set his fingers in his ears; and suddenly he perceived that the blood as it buzzed in his head sounded the note *chên*; and it was revealed to him that the note *chên* was the note of the celestial harmony that pervaded all things in heaven and earth. To the sound of the note *chên* the sun rolled up the sky, and the stars danced their round; the north wind and the south wind blew it on their trumpets as they rushed to do battle together; and it hummed and sang perpetually in the blood of all living creatures. So he knew that in the note *chên* resided the secret of the universe long sought after by men; and he perceived that all the other notes were vain and foolish notes, disturbers of the unity of art. So he resolved thenceforth to keep his lips chaste and unsullied by sounds of a degraded nature, and to devote his life to singing the note *chên*, and teaching others to do the same with due reverence and unction. Speaking or singing no other sound issued from his mouth: it was a wonder to hear him.

II.—OF THE PETITION MADE TO THE KHAN BY THE MUSICIANS.

So these four, Khadu Khan, Nokhab, Shiban, and Balachi, chiefs of the Imperial College of Musicians, stood before the throne of Kublai Khan, awaiting permission to speak. And permission being granted, Khadu Khan lifted his voice and spoke as follows:

"Lord of monarchs, dispenser of destinies, birch-rod of nations, looking-glass of fate, whose words are like swords for sharpness and penetration, we, thy musicians, appointed under thy seal to be guardians of the warehouse of harmony and sole retailers of beautiful sounds to the universe, do humbly make petition. In the exercise of our august functions it is our practice to go about listening secretly at the doors of caravanserais and other places where men sing and play, sedulously watching lest any should infringe the laws and regulations we have made for the protection of our art against decay and violence. And perpetually our ears are tortured and our hearts turned to water by the impudently illegal nature of the songs men sing and the tunes they play. In thy college, O Khan, are fifty musicians, men of learning and morality, each of whom during the waxing and waning of a single moon composes fifty delectable airs, suitable alike for voices, stringed instruments, instruments of brass, or drums. With such ingenuity are these airs constructed, with such careful regard for the rules of geometrical proportion, that

each one of them can be adapted without a change to all purposes and occasions, whether of rejoicing or of mourning, of love or of war; moreover, they are found to be equally melodious whether they be played forwards or backwards. Wonderful is the art of them—countless is their number. Yet this ignorant, imbecile people will have none of them. Vain is our labour; men flee from our piping; we sing, and their heels twinkle in the distance; and when we offer to enter their dwellings with cornet and drum and perform at a moderate charge, the doors are barred against us with bars of iron. And in our place they welcome and encourage wandering beggars, ballad-singers, players on rustical and uncourtly fiddles, and other disreputable characters, to whom the rudiments of geometry are unknown; and instead of our smooth and decorous official melodies, that lull the senses to ecstatic slumber, they do wantonly and perversely sit for hours together listening to low songs, songs without science, songs of hideous irregularity, utterly lacking in soothing symmetry, dangerously stimulating the passions—war-songs that incite men to combat, love-songs that make men amorous, thorns in the flesh of our art, whose chosen abode is in the serene seclusion of academic dignity. Moreover, on their instruments they perform tunes of a scandalous vivacity, so that the feet of staid citizens are involuntarily stirred beneath them, and they jig and dance in public places, to the utter perversion of morals and good order. And generally throughout thy empire, O Khan, men do stultify and set at naught the chief end and purpose of music—that is to say, the aggrandisement of the fame and emoluments of thy Imperial College and the members thereof. Therefore, in the first place we humbly make petition that a decree be issued forbidding the performance of all music whatsoever, save only the music composed by us, the members of thy college; and let it be further enacted that none do sing or play our music without a licence, to be granted by us after due examination in morals and geometry and the payment of a fee."

Here Khadu Khan made pause; and a murmur of approbation arose from the musicians, the astrologers and necromancers, and the dukes of Tartary and Cathay. Truly the words of Khadu Khan were words of eloquence and wisdom, nor was there yet an end to them.

"Furthermore, O Khan," he continued, "it is not only among the ignorant and despicable populace that our art is degraded and vulgarised. Know, O Khan, that a dangerous innovation has arisen in the midst of us, the chosen, so that there is schism and disturbance among us, and the very existence of music is threatened. Within the walls of thy college there be traitors and vain contemnors of tradition, which is the life, the soul, the beginning and the end of all true art. Harken, O Khan, and I will expound this matter, and put to confusion all impudent innovators. From the beginning the notes of the scale were officially appointed to be

seven, whereby is made plain the divine nature of music; for seven is the sacred number. Seven are the virtues, seven the planets, seven the claws on the foot of the Dragon of the Sea; there is no number so comely and celestial as the number seven; therefore it was ordained to be the number of the notes of music. And now, behold, an eighth note, the note *lu*, a hideous note of disreputable parentage, lifts its saucy head and blows its outrageous trumpet throughout the land; yea, in the very shrine of art its loathsome sound is heard; for it is indeed a diabolically insidious note, artfully concealing its harsh and filthy nature under a specious guise of lovely sweetness, so that the weak and foolish hearts of our younger musicians are not proof against it. Seeing, therefore, that the note *lu* is an illegitimate note, an indecent and superfluous note——"

But now another voice rose up against the voice of Khadu Khan, crying aloud:

"Truly all notes are indecent and superfluous, save only the note *chên*, the perfect, the absolute."

Surely 'twas the voice of Balachi, the seer.

Thereat yet another voice was heard, that cried:

"Nay, all notes without exception are indecent and superfluous, like to the howling of wild beasts, wherewith it is shameful that noble and intelligent man should soil his lips. Where is music to be found save in the roll of the drum? What other sound goes so surely to the heart of man, which is itself but a drum, ceaselessly beating time to fate, echoing the footsteps of the gods, the tireless ones, as they pace the floor of heaven? Yea, all life and existence is but a throbbing and a pulsing; the universe is a hollow drum, the drumsticks are poised in the hands of Destiny. All other instruments are impious and inartistic, save only the drum, the devout, the harmonious."

Whose voice should this be if not the voice of Shiban?

And Khadu Khan smiled amiably upon Balachi and Shiban, and said:

"Learned are my brethren; the candles of their genius burn unquenchable, like to the stars of the sky; nor will I assert that excess of learning has altogether destroyed the balance of their intellect. Yet in my humble judgment their opinions are foolish, offensive, and dangerous opinions. Therefore will I courteously disregard what they have said, and it shall be as if they had not indiscreetly spoken. Seeing, O Khan, that this note *lu* is an odious, beggarly, brawling note, portentously threatening the safety and order of thy empire, we do further make petition that its use or employment in any manner whatsoever be utterly forbidden throughout the land, under penalty of stripes, fines, and imprisonment, the fines, in accordance with the dictates of heavenly justice, being paid to us. Then shall Music lift her head once more out of the dust of her humiliation and flourish, and we, thy imperial musi-

cians, shall bask again in the sunshine of wealth and popularity. I, Khadu Khan, chief of the College of Musicians, have spoken; may my words find favour with the Khan."

III.—OF THE ANSWER MADE BY THE KHAN TO THE PETITION.

So Khadu Khan made an end of his eloquence, and loud was the applause. Then Kublai Khan lifted his hand and ordered the proclamation of silence, and silence was proclaimed. And Kublai Khan sat revolving in his mind the words of Khadu Khan. And there was a stir at the table where the astrologers and necromancers sat: some sprinkled powders on the sacred coals, some mixed magic liquors one with another, some set their ears to the mouths of the skulls, some went forth from the hall with instruments and observed the state of the heavens and the altitude of the sun, that wise counsel might not be wanting in the matter. And one by one they approached the Khan and whispered their advice, some thus, and others so. The Khan listened, and made no sign of approbation or dissent; wisest of men was he, and kept his counsel secret until the time of speaking. And when they had done he pondered yet a little while, and then he made answer to Khadu Khan. Curt was he of speech, and his words were wofully barren of flowery eloquence, yet men listened with patience and submission, because he was their lord and master. And these were his words:

"Thy petition, O Khadu Khan, has been heard and considered. And in it are found matters of two kinds—matters of policy and matters of art. In matters of art the Khan meddles not, nor does he profess to understand them. It is meet that the ignorant should follow the advice of the learned. Therefore, since the Khan's musicians are agreed that the note *lu* is an illegal innovation, and since all forms of unlawfulness are abhorrent to the Khan, the petition is granted, so far as concerns the note *lu*. The decree of the Khan is that none make use of the note *lu*, under penalty of stripes, fines, and imprisonment; and the chief musicians are authorised to make enforcement of the decree and to collect the fines. The Khan has spoken."

The faces of the Khan's musicians were glad at the wise and gracious words of their master, and great was their admiration at the excellent and cheerful nature of his conclusion. The nostrils of Khadu Khan opened wide, and his tongue passed delicately over his lips, as though he smelt a sweet odour and tasted a pleasant savour. And Balachi bent smiling to the ear of Shiban, and whispered:

"Glorious is the note *chên*, universal its dominion. In the chink of gold, too, it sounds sonorous."

And Shiban whispered back with humorous fervour:

"Treason to the cult of the drum—the empty, the unprofitable! In the rattle of

sequins alone is solid satisfaction for yearning mortality."

And the Khan spoke again, saying :

"But as to the singing and playing of music other than the music officially composed, men have done so from the beginning ; there is no heresy in this. Nor is it politically expedient that the thing should be forbidden. Song rises naturally from the heart of man ; where a living soul is, there is music. With song the warrior banishes the fatigue of the march, with song the shepherd baffles the solitude of the rocks, with song the afflicted send sorrow packing. Shall the Khan set a seal on the hearts of his people ? It is meet that the music of the Court musicians should be confined to the Court, where solitude and sorrow and fatigue are not. Admirably passionless is the Court music ; it passes from the right ear to the left ear, and leaves no trace ; it is courtly, and refrains from disturbing the counsels and high meditations of the Khan and his dukes. But from without the gates of the Court rumours have come to the Khan's ears of men that toil and sweat, of women that spin and grieve. What savour should such music have to them ? Truly, the savour of a dish of pearls to a starving traveller. What think ye of a ruler who should say to his hungry people, 'Rice is worthless stuff, seed-pearls shall ye eat' ? How should such a decree be obeyed, and who could enforce it ? You say that the songs the people delight in are foolish songs ; be it so. Yet do they delight in them. If the Khan's people are contented, the Khan is contented ; let his successor enforce wisdom upon them, if he be able. The Khan has spoken."

IV.—OF THE QUEST OF THE MUSICIANS, AND OF THE CAPTURE THEY MADE.

So Kublai Khan made an end, and the disappointment of the musicians was great when they contrasted the feeble and inadequate conclusion of his speech with the pithy briskness of its beginning. They went slowly forth from the Khan's presence, their faces lengthened with grave pity, their foreheads contracted with the austere disapprobation of the critic who examines a promising effort and finds it spoiled by botching negligence. And as they passed the threshold Shibān whispered to Khadu Khan : "Truly, the Khan grows old and imbecile ; his drum beats feebly."

But Khadu Khan continued to preserve a cheerful demeanour, and he whispered back to Shibān :

"Two precious eggs of wisdom have been laid by the speckled hen of my imagination. The first : What merchant in the bazaar grumbles, receiving for his merchandise the third part of the sum he demands ? The second : In a skilful hand the slender bodkin slays as surely as the two-handed sword. Let thy wit, O Shibān, brood on my eggs, and hatch forth the chickens of their application."

And Shibān pondered, and illumination came

to him, and the lines of his countenance were relaxed and pleasantly agitated, and the muscles of his eyelids contracted alternately with subtle significance.

Then Khadu Khan went forth from the palace and proceeded to the city bazaar ; and there he bought fifty purses of great strength and capacity ; and returning to the college he distributed the purses among the musicians. Then, going to an upper room, he called to him the three, Nokhab, Shibān, and Balachi, and conferred with them until evening. When night fell, the four sallied out, disguised with cloaks over their robes, that none might know them. And as they paced the streets their steps were stayed at the doors of the caravanserais and other places of resort. But what they went out to hear, that they heard not ; for already proclamation of the Khan's decree had been made throughout the city of Cambalu, and men feared to lift their voices in song, lest inadvertently the note *lu* should escape their lips. Stern was the great Khan ; as he decreed, so the thing was, without favour or remission. Still and silent was Cambalu, as a city of the dead ; and, like a pack of jackals that prowl furtively among the tombs, nosing in corners, pricking their ears, so went the Khan's chief musicians, creeping on stealthy tip-toe from house to house. And they were concerned even to anger at the silence about them, because it threatened to hinder them in the execution of their duty, and to leave them no opportunity for displaying their zeal in the Khan's service. The memory of the sum he had trustfully expended on the purchase of purses weighed upon Khadu Khan, and he exclaimed in a vexed tone :

"Are they a flock of sheep, then, this people, and is there no spirit left in them ? It is right that the Khan's decrees should be generally obeyed ; yet of a truth passive obedience is an alarming symptom in the body politic, nor can the state of a nation that languishes in a dull unresisting apathy be considered a healthy state. Crime is necessary to the well-being of the empire ; for empires are founded on law, and without crime the machinery of the law stands still and rusts, its officers are demoralised by idleness, and their salaries are diminished. Evil is the prospect. What support has a throne when criminals are lacking ? And without them, what is a king but a gilded image—a thing of useless magnificence ? Already my penetration beholds the Khan tottering to his fall."

Even as he spoke Shibān held up a finger, imposing silence.

"Be comforted, O Khadu Khan," he whispered ; "for surely I hear sounds of an illegal nature."

Listening intently, they heard afar off the voice of a woman singing. And, as jackals when they scent carrion, so the three, Khadu Khan, Shibān, and Balachi, precipitated themselves in the direction of the voice, dragging with them Nokhab, the deaf one. And they were guided to the neighbourhood of a hut of mean appearance, built of clay and wattles ;

and creeping round, they came to where the clay had fallen from the wall in places, leaving chinks that permitted observation of the interior. And they cautiously set their faces to the chinks, and peered within.

A single flickering lamp shone on bare walls and a bare floor of mud, and on a woman crouching upon the floor. She was young and comely, but poorly clad, so that she shivered as the night wind blew through the crannies of the walls. In her arms she nursed a child, an infant of extreme youth; and ever and again as she rocked to and fro, soothing its piping cry, she sang softly to it, in a voice not altogether devoid of superficial sweetness, albeit lacking the true and legitimate nasal intonation of the trained vocalist. And in the intervals of her song her listeners conferred eagerly together in whispers.

Said Khadu Khan:

"What say you, brethren? Lurks not the note *lu* in this inharmonious caterwauling? The gods be thanked, I know not that sound of evil save by repute."

Said Shibān:

"Behold, how should I know—I, the prophet of the drum? Among the sins of my youth lie the notes of the scale, utterly forgotten, universally repudiated; all are as one to me. But if the matter seems doubtful, it behoves us to consider the extreme poverty of this woman. By many it is thought sinful to oppress the poor, and certainly it is most unprofitable. If we accuse her, we shall incur much odium to no purpose; for the fine will not be forthcoming."

Said Balachi:

"Long since have I been deaf to all notes save one—the note *chén*. But blind I am not; and I perceive that the woman's wrists and ankles are laden with bracelets of gold and silver, after the custom of her class. The case calls not for mercy, and I am strongly of opinion that her song is exclusively composed of the note *lu*, under various crafty and seditious disguises."

Said Shibān:

"Weighty are thy arguments, O Balachi. I for one am convinced by them."

Said Khadu Khan:

"I also. Artful is the note *lu* that endeavours thus to withdraw itself from our apprehension. But it shall not escape our vigilance. We will arrest the woman; we will bear witness against her before the Khan, we three, and Nokhab also; wise and virtuous is Nokhab; his testimony carries weight. The place is solitary; no witnesses shall be found to gainsay us. Justice shall be done, the woman flogged, and her jewels divided among us. Say I not well?"

"Well," said Shibān.

"Exceedingly well," said Balachi. "And hearken," he said further; "the child lamenteth

in a manner that afflicteth my ears. Surely here, too, is treasonable matter, and already the mother has instilled in her offspring the habit of rebellious practices. As the she-wolf, so is the wolf-cub. Let us charge the child also."

But Khadu Khan shook his head and said:

"Thy zeal is commendable, O Balachi, and thy suggestion luminous. But the thing is impracticable—there is no profit in it. Never-



AN ILLEGAL SONG.

theless, I will bear it in mind when the time of accusation arrives. And now, come, the night wanes; let us do our duty."

So they crept round to the door of the hut and burst it open, and rushed in and secured the woman. They dragged her forth, her and the child, to which she clung, and delivered the two into the custody of the city guard.

V.—OF THE JUDGMENT DELIVERED BY THE KHAN IN THE MATTER OF THE WOMAN.

ON the morrow Kublai Khan entered the Hall of Audience, and seated himself on the throne of justice; and about him were gathered the dukes of Tartary and Cathay, the astrologers and necromancers, and the imperial musicians. Then the officers entered, bringing the woman, the child in her arms. To the middle of the Hall of Audience they haled her, and left her standing alone before the steps of the throne. Her eyes were swollen with weeping, and her scanty robes had been rent in many places by

the zealous vigour of the chief musicians. Also she was splashed and soiled from head to foot with the mud of the streets and the filth of the prison yard. A sorry sight was she, as she stood on the golden floor under the shadow of the golden vine whose grapes were precious stones, gazing about her in terrified amazement, clutching the child to her bosom. Who could cherish a doubt of her guilt, contrasting her appearance with that of Khadu Khan as he stood forth to accuse her, magnificently clad as befitted the cousin of the great Khan, glittering



THE OFFICERS OF THE COURT WERE AGHAST.

with jewels, exhaling sweet odours from his person?

And Khadu Khan lifted his voice, explaining the circumstances of detection and capture, and detailing the matters of accusation—to wit, the singing of seventeen separate stanzas, in each of which the note *lu* was employed seventeen separate times, according to the careful enumeration of four independent witnesses. And furthermore, in aggravation of the offence, he charged her with perverting the innocence of extreme youth by unnaturally taking advantage of her maternal privileges to

familiarise and enamour a helpless infant with the said note *lu*, feloniously planting in its tender breast the malignant seeds of lawlessness and rebellion. Long and eloquent was his speech, and overflowing with modest and unobtrusive allusions to his assiduous and disinterested zeal in the Khan's service. And when he had done he called the witnesses, Nokhab, Shibani, and Balachi; and they stood forth and delivered corroborative testimony with an artistic smoothness and unanimity that carried conviction.

When Kublai Khan had heard the accusation and the testimony, he did not deliver sentence at once, but commanded that the woman should be heard in her defence; for, indeed, his sense of justice was of such abnormal development that it was apt to overspread the firm ground of expediency and trespass on the shaky morass of superfluous scrupulosity. And an officer notified the woman that permission to speak was granted her. But the woman was silent, staring about her with vacant eyes, in seeming incomprehension of the nature of the proceedings. Silent she stood, with the babe sleeping in her arms, until a murmur of impatience arose from the assembly, and reprobation was manifested at her insolence in attempting to delay the swift execution of justice. And at the sound of the voices breaking the silence, the child stirred and awoke. And lo! a scandalous thing; for, regardless of ceremonial observance, and disrespectfully ignoring the unalterable regulations of the audience hall, the child lifted up its voice and wept, with a voluminous and long-continued wailing.

The officers of the Court were aghast and dumbfounded, and knew not what to do; for the thing was without precedent. And as they stood blinking and gaping, the woman awoke from her torpor, and bent her face over the child, patting and stroking it; and when it refused to be comforted, lo, scandal upon scandal! she too lifted up her voice, and sang in the presence of the Khan and his Court, without fear or respect, as though walls of clay still surrounded her.

Hearing her, Khadu Khan started up, crying:

"Impudence without precedent! It is the same song—the song of offence! She makes a mock of the Khan and his officers. Perceive ye not the note *lu*, the note of infamy? In every bar it croaketh. Out of her own mouth is she accused!"

And the musicians set their fingers to their ears, exclaiming; and the dukes and astrologers, guided by the example of the musicians, also exclaimed and set their fingers to their ears. Nokhab too, the deaf one, seeing the gestures of his companions, failed not to do the like, that he might not appear backward in courtly behaviour. And the officers were advancing to seize the woman and gag her, when, behold, a terrible voice, a voice of thunder!

"Silence!" it resounded. "Let the woman

continue. It is her defence; she shall be heard."

From the throne it came; it was the voice of Kublai Khan, no other; and great was the anger manifested in it. The steps of the officers were arrested, and the exclamations of the courtiers hushed; their fingers leapt suddenly from their ears, as the cork leaps from the bottle when the wine within fermenteth. And the woman sang on in the midst of a deep silence; naught broke the stillness save her voice and the whimpering of the child. And after a while the child's fretfulness was allayed, and it fell asleep; and perceiving this, the woman ceased from her singing, and woke, as it were from a dream, and stared wildly about her with every symptom of abject alarm.

Then Kublai Khan addressed Khadu Khan, questioning him in a voice of dry restraint.

"Is this, then, the song of offence, O Khadu Khan?"

And Khadu Khan answered:

"Surely, O Khan."

"And the note *lu* is contained in it?"

"Times out of number, O Khan."

"And the note *lu* is, as you say, an innovation, a new thing unknown to our fathers?"

"Without doubt, O Khan. Its recent origin is notorious. Within the memory of our youngest musician it was not, the accursed!"

The Khan seemed to muse, saying:

"Strange! It must be as thou sayest; yet does the song unaccountably stir an early memory in me, old man that I am—a memory of the women's quarters in my father's palace, and of a slave, an ancient wrinkled woman that had charge of me, an infant. Over my cradle she bent and sang, and surely—surely—"

The Khan rose from his throne, and his voice changed ominously.

"Surely, ye sons of dogs," he cried in wrath, "this was the song she sang! Naught know I of your music, yet is this song dear to me, for the sake of memory and affection. Was not

my heart shaken and dissolved when this woman sang? Are not my eyes still dim? Is this the new thing ye would put down? New?—not a note of it but is as old as Love, the oldest of things. From the pangs of the first woman that bore a child it sprang; without a break her wailings changed and shaped themselves thus. Heresy? Innovation? Either ye prate of ye know not what, blind as ye are through long wandering in the maze of barren and unprofitable ingenuity ye call your art; or else—or else ye are perjurers and extortioners, concoctors of false witness, oppressors of the poor. Ripe for judgment are ye; yet I will not judge you, seeing that I too am to blame, who forged this treacherous weapon and placed it in your hands. But hearken to my words: the decree is rescinded, and the note *lu* is reinstated; yea, in the place of honour it shall be set above the other notes. The woman, too, is set free; and let a purse of gold be given her out of the treasury of your college, in amends for the injustice she has endured. And as for you, get ye forth from my presence, and return not until my anger be abated. The Khan has spoken."

Surely despondency and angry recrimination took up their abode within the walls of the Imperial College of Musicians that day, and for many days after. Loud were the reproaches against Khadu Khan because of his indiscreet and untimely zeal; deep the mutterings against Kublai Khan, their lord, because of his illiberal discouragement of art. And in their grief some remembered the words of the Khan, and turned to song for solace; but no solace did they find there. Cold and barren of comfort was all the music they knew, as the Khan had declared.

But the ignorant and despicable populace rejoiced.¹

¹ It is an interesting fact that Kublai Khan did really desire the addition of a note (F sharp) to the Chinese scale. In the East—in China and India especially—the music of the theorists and the music of the people were two very different things. The theoretical systems of scales, etc., were so elaborate as to be quite impracticable.

THE STAR CHAMBER, PALACE OF WESTMINSTER.

BY SIR REGINALD F. D. PALGRAVE, K.C.B.



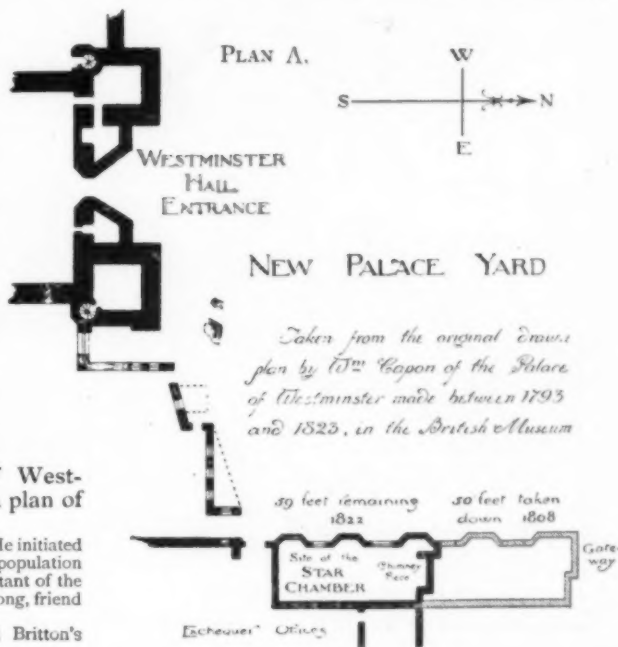
VIEW OF NEW PALACE YARD, TAKEN FROM W. CAPON'S DRAWING 1793.

A PURSUIT after the room known as the Star Chamber, in the old palace of Westminster, having been brought to a successful close, I am permitted by the Editor of the LEISURE HOUR to publish the method by which that object was attained.

My research was based on information derived from a view of the interior of the Star Chamber contained in Brayley and Britton's "History of Westminster Palace," Plate xx., and of New Palace Yard in 1793, from a drawing by W. Capon, published in a Report from a Select Committee on Westminster Hall restoration. Last, not least, I have been assisted by a drawing of the exterior of the Star Chamber, made by Mrs. Lefroy, the daughter of Mr. Rickman,¹ who, as Clerk Assistant of the House of Commons, lived in a house which abutted on the end of the historic building which his daughter drew for our benefit in the year of grace 1832. The exact position of the Star Chamber was ascertained by measurements made by Mr. Jones, the Clerk of the Works to the Houses of Parliament, starting from the eastern Tower of Westminster Hall, on the lines shown by a plan of

the Palace of Westminster, made by Mr. W. Capon between the years 1793 and 1823, and the foundation plan of the Palace published by Mr. Smith in his "Antiquities of Westminster," published in 1807.²

The showman who performs his duty, not by the wave of the hand, but by the scratching of



¹ Mr. Rickman should be had in remembrance. He initiated and carried through the very first Census taken of the population of Great Britain. He was in every way the true assistant of the House of Commons; and he was a worthy, almost life-long, friend of Charles Lamb.

² Smith's "Westminster," p. 29; Brayley and Britton's "Palace of Westminster," p. 442.

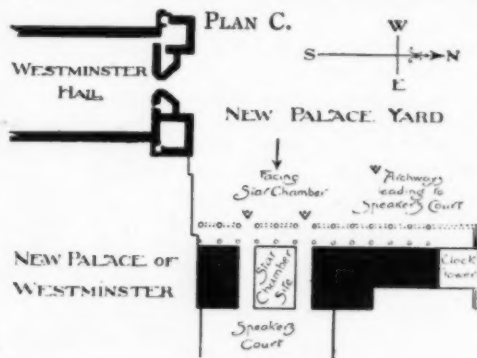
a pen, has a task most difficult ; still more so, if he is showman of a building which, being non-existent, cannot be revealed, save by an appeal to the organ that is known as the mind's eye. Yet, for the exhibition which I have



undertaken thus far a "local habitation" can be claimed. Bearing in mind the present aspect of New Palace Yard, if Mr. Capon's view be studied, it becomes apparent that the pinnaced and buttressed frontage of the New Palace of Westminster, that forms the eastern side of New

Palace Yard, follows almost precisely the ground line occupied by the more unassuming row of houses, evidently of the time of Queen Elizabeth, which faces us in the view of the Palace made in 1793. One of those houses contained the Star Chamber. To play the part of demonstrator is thus made easy.

Accordingly, I venture to point out that an inquirer after the Star Chamber, who stands



in New Palace Yard, with Westminster Hall doorway on his right hand, and places himself in front of that portion of the façade that lies between the two archways leading to Speaker's Court, may feel assured that the portion of the building which lies between those archways takes the exact place of the house which "Anne Rickman" has pictured with such realistic vigour,



"ANNE RICKMAN"

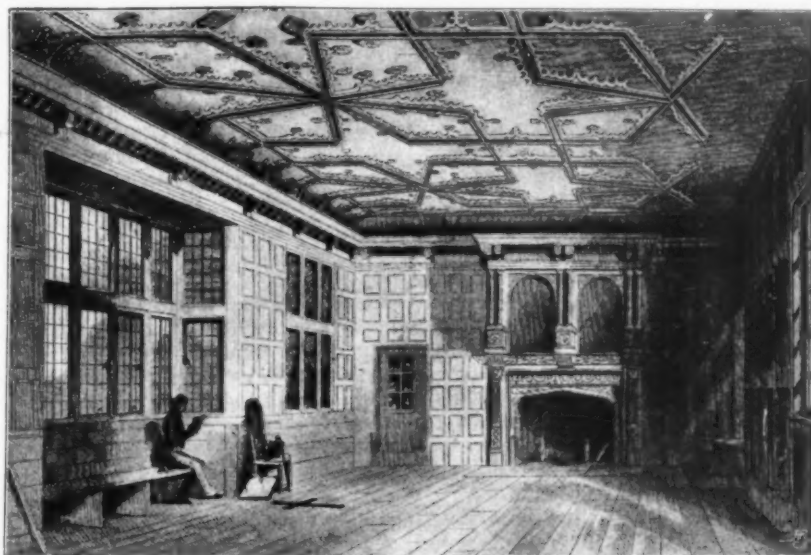
STAR CHAMBER, NEW PALACE YARD, 1832.

"MY FATHER'S HOUSE"

and that the very ground around him is devoted to the memories of the Star Chamber, such was the fateful activity of the Court, during the years 1637 and 1638, which studded the central area of New Palace Yard with pillories for the punishment of the political or Puritanic agitator. Wherever he may stand he can hardly avoid placing his feet upon the site of one of the pillories on which Dr. Bastwick, Mr. Prynne, Mr. Burton, or John Lilburne were exposed to view before the windows of the Star Chamber.

And then, to localise still further the vanished building of unhappy memory, if our investigator will advance onward into the arcade which connects the Houses of Parliament with "the underground," he may feel equally certain that the wall-pier in the centre of the space, marked off by the two archways on either hand, occupies

on the doorstep a woman standing with folded arms; and it may be taken for granted that the two projecting oriel windows that she has depicted, are the windows towards which, on April 30, 1638, John Lilburne directed his eyes from the standpoint of the pillory. Lilburne's exposure in New Palace Yard for two hours to the public view was the last of those painful exhibitions by which the Star Chamber Court sowed the seeds of civil war. He was a young man of about twenty years of age, who, under sentence of the Court for the dispersion of seditious books, had been cruelly whipped at the cart's tail from Fleet Bridge to New Palace Yard; and then, as he tells his story, "I prepared myself for the pillory, to which I went with a joyful courage; and when I was upon it, I made obeisance to the Lords," *i.e.* such of the Lords of the Council as had been his judges,



INTERIOR OF STAR CHAMBER.

(Taken from the print in Brayley and Britton's, "History of Westminster Palace.")

the site of the outer doorway that formerly gave access to that notorious Law Court.¹ Mrs. Lefroy (turning again to her drawing²) has obligingly marked out this doorway by placing

¹ On this pier is to be placed a tablet bearing this inscription: "This tablet marks the position of the outer doorway, leading to the room, built during the year 1602, wherein the Court of Law constituted by Statute, 3 Hen. VII, c. 1, known as the Star Chamber Court, held session during the reigns of James I and Charles I, until August 1, 1641, when the Court was closed by Statute, 16 Car. 1, c. 10.

² The position of the doorway was ascertained by measurements based upon ancient plans of the Palace of Westminster. The frontage of the Star Chamber building extended about thirty feet northward and southward from this spot. The Star Chamber was upon the first floor, and was lighted by windows looking towards New Palace Yard."

³ The two stone-vaulted cupolas, indicated in Mrs. Lefroy's drawing, are the summits of the alcoves containing seats, that rose upon the piers of old Westminster Bridge, seen over the vacant space caused by the partial removal, in the year 1808, of the eastern façade of the Palace figured in the view of 1793, as marked upon Mr. Capon's plan of the palace. The doorway leading to the Star Chamber is shown on Mr. Smith's plan.

"some of them, as I suppose, looking out from the Star Chamber window towards me."³

³ We are indebted to Mr. Lilburne for thus identifying the Star Chamber. The pillory on which he stood was, as Rushworth tells us, "placed between Westminster Hall Gate and the Star Chamber." That gate was the archway at the north-west corner of New Palace Yard, which gave entrance to the Palace from King Street, the Parliament Street of the seventeenth century; and as the pillory commanded the windows of the Star Chamber, it is evident that pillory must have been placed in the central portion of New Palace Yard, and on a line with Westminster Hall door. Pennant is obviously mistaken in his assertion that the Star Chamber "is now called the Painted Chamber." The Painted Chamber was situated at the south-western end of the building, wholly enclosed within the precincts of the Palace, and out of sight to Lilburne on the pillory. Further evidence is extant proving that the Star Chamber looked into New Palace Yard. Prynne, who was condemned with Bastwick and Burton "to lose their ears in the Palace Yard at Westminster," "went up to his pillory which stood alone next the Star Chamber."

Pennant's "London," p. 87; "Rushworth," ii. 466; Stow's "Survey," ii. 629; "State Trials," iii. 745, 749, 750, 1328, 1329.

It may be noticed, in conclusion, that whilst tradition ascribes the name of the Star Chamber Court to the gilt stars that decorated the roof under which the Court held session, the ceiling portrayed in the illustration now before us is adorned with the portcullis and the rose, badges of the Tudor dynasty, and that from among these decorations the star is obviously absent.

This seeming contradiction of the tradition can easily be solved. When the Court met for the first time under the portcullised ceiling, presumably soon after the year 1602, the date inscribed over the doorway pictured in Mrs. Lefroy's drawing, the Court had been in existence for over a century, having been constituted by Statute, passed in the third year of Henry VII, A.D. 1488; and from that year the Court sat in the ancient Royal Council Chamber, known by the name of "*la Chambre des Etoiles*"—because, as Stow tells us, "the roof thereof is decked with the likeness of stars gilt"—until

the Council Chamber was taken down to make way for the building erected for the reception of the Star Chamber Court in the year 1602.

Thus, though the Gothic roof adorned with stars under which the Court sat for over a hundred years disappeared during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, the influence of those ancient stars remained intact, until, in pursuance of the Act of Parliament, 16 Car. c. 10, "the Court, commonly called the Star Chamber Court," was closed on August 1, 1641.

The destruction that befell the Star Chamber Court was, for nearly two centuries, averted from the building erected for its reception. The Star Chamber even survived the great fire of October 1834, which consumed three-fourths of the old Palace of Westminster, to be levelled to the ground, however, in the year 1836, to prepare for the erection of the Victorian structure which takes possession of that plot of ground formerly devoted to the Courts and Councils of Plantagenet and Tudor Monarchs.



GERMANY FOR POOR ENGLISH.

WE hear from time to time a good deal of grumbling at the migration to England of the German clerk and the German waiter; some would even call it an invasion, none the less hostile because the aims of this foreign host are peaceful ones, but it is only fair to remember that a considerable and a yearly increasing number of our own country men and women settle in the Fatherland.

They are to be discovered, gathered in little communities and socially neighbouring each other in the suburbs of almost every German town, and that they find themselves comfortably at home is proved by the life-long stay many of them make in the land of their adoption; the regret with which others leave it when they must.

Except in the seaports, in the capital, and in one or two of the more important cities where business may draw them, the English who settle in Germany may be roughly divided into two classes—those who go for the education of their children, and those—childless married couples or single men and women—whose hope it is to live with greater ease and more comfort on a slender income than it would be possible to do at home. Either of these objects may be attained in a dozen different centres, for everywhere the German is alive to the value of culture, and everywhere he loves to get the utmost return for his honest penny; but a few particulars about one special place may be more useful to an intending settler than pages of dissertation upon German life in general.

We will take Munich, then, as the supposed

choice of our emigrants, and a better they could hardly make than the art-loving Bavarian capital, a veritable centre of "sweetness and light." But in trying to tell them what advantages they may expect to secure on reaching it, we must assume that our settlers are poor, since the following notes, supplied by one who has made the experiment of life "on nothing a year," have all been based on this calculation, and are only intended for the people who have to spend their "*marks*" with thought and care, and even to look after the humble "*pfennig*!"

It will be needless to indicate a special route, though it may not be out of place to say that the sea passage to Hook of Holland and rail *via* Cologne and Frankfort is the least costly and by no means the least comfortable. Hotels may also be left out of our calculation as too expensive for the modest purse of paterfamilias.

Pension life has drawbacks where the education of boys and girls is the object, but many single folk, and women in especial, find in it a solution of the living-alone difficulty. The German pension, indeed, may be said to be peopled by the widow and the spinster, and Munich caters for these on every scale. Prices, as a general rule, run from 3 to 6 *marks* a day and upwards, inclusive of everything except fire and light. To be relieved of housekeeping worries at so modest an expenditure must be a boon, but, necessarily, there are corresponding drawbacks. Speaking from hearsay, the chief of these would appear to be the want of any real privacy. A pension does not imply a separate building as a boarding-house would

with us, but a flat in which each room communicates with the adjoining one by door or curtain, and the exclusion of sound is next to impossible. The student is therefore advised to make sure of his neighbours' little ways and habits before settling down to his, or her, books in a pension, where he may have the *saal* on one side of him and the kitchen on the other. Should his work lie mainly out of doors, he will, on the other hand, probably find himself comfortably provided for in his evenings and spare hours.

Our family, however, will at once consider the possibility of securing a home of its own, and here again there will be no great difficulty, though the rent of flats is said to be yearly increasing. A charming little home, which the writer saw, consisting of a good square entrance, four rooms and kitchen, was last winter rented in a fashionable and pleasant suburb for £26. Such a lucky find is now rarely to be met with, but a similar flat can be had for £30, the price increasing with the number and handsomeness of the rooms. For an excellent floor with fitted bath-room £70 will be asked, a sum that compares very favourably with London prices.

The burdened British ratepayer will also find one substantial comfort awaiting him in Bavaria. He will, whether he occupies a whole house or a part of one, be required to pay no taxes, unless he draws a revenue in the way of business or profession, or by pension or otherwise, from the State. If you make nothing out of the country, you contribute nothing to its exchequer, in short. The Englishman, retired upon his means, is thus exempt.

As a tenant, he has also few obligations. He can move from his flat at short notice, undisturbed by the anxieties of a repairing lease; he may be required to take his part in keeping clean the common staircase and to share the trifling expense of lighting it, but there his duties practically end. Even the unwelcome but necessary sweep is provided, gratis, by the landlord. This grimy visitor (rendered very comical in Munich by his habit of wearing a "topper") will claim admittance once every month, and it is among the forbidden things to deny him entrance. (How early, by the way, does the stranger learn the meaning of that hard-worked word, "*verboten*"!))

For one thing the intending resident must be prepared. He will be required to fill up a form, handed in by the policeman, giving full particulars of himself, his parents, wife, and children (names, ages, birthplace, etc.), the object of his visit, its probable duration, whether he has ever before visited the country, and if so, at what date, and so on, through quite a long catechism. Chafe as a free-born Briton may at this inquisitorial proceeding, he will be wise to comply with its demands. The form filled up and returned, he will be no further troubled, and may settle down in peace.

The furnishing of a little German home need be no formidable affair. A stove of iron or

china will be found in each room; the ceiling will be tastefully decorated, the walls papered, and an excellent parquet floor supplied. This wooden flooring is universal, and, while it much lightens the housewife's labours, is so pretty in itself that carpeting may be done away with, a rug or two sufficing to give that clothed look essential to comfort in our view. The small flat already mentioned was furnished with great taste at an expenditure of no more than £30. The larger pieces were bought at a good sale, while other articles were made from designs supplied to him by a local carpenter.

Bedding will make the most serious inroad on the housekeeper's purse, the case of feathers under which the German sleeps being as costly as it is uncomfortable. A substitute for English bed-clothes may indeed be had, but intending settlers would do well to carry the contents of the blanket-chest and the linen-cupboard with them. Household linen is neither so cheap nor so good as in England.

Her little kitchen the mistress will find it a delight to supply with the cleanly enamelled pans and dishes which are so inexpensive here. The kitchen is the German *Hausfrau's* special domain, and she has gathered about her many little contrivances which we might copy with advantage—to wit: the large rack upon the wall of earthenware spoons, drippers, and pastry necessities, so easily kept clean and sweet, and the board upon the scullery door with a hook for each description of towel, and its own name above it in black letters on a white china ground. A German kitchen, small as it often is, is most inviting with its shining array of copper vessels, its burnished stove, and the blue and white faces of its pots and pans depending on the wall.

The decorations of the flat we have been describing were almost all picked up at the half-yearly "*Dult*," the Fair, held in May and October, to which the peasantry flock from far and near, bringing their merchandise with them. Old lace, bits of wood-carving, heads of angels effectively painted (church spoil, these, it is to be feared), specimens of wrought iron and brass, may still be picked up for an old song by one who knows their worth. But indeed, if the purse can afford it, Munich shops, with so much that is tempting in glass and china painting and carved ivory to offer, will supply the ornamental.

The next paragraph or two, severely practical, will be chiefly interesting to the keeper of the family purse, since they will deal with the important food question. For the sake of greater accuracy, prices are given in German money, the *mark* being equivalent to an English shilling, while ten *pfennigs* go to make our penny.

And first, let it be said, that everything is bought to better advantage at the markets, and that the German servant, provided with a huge basket, expects to accompany her mistress there, and is quite prepared to carry home the day's supplies on her stout arm. Of one thing the shopper may rest assured, all that she pur-

chases will be of good quality and in excellent condition.

We are apt to think the Germans somewhat too paternally governed, but in the markets at least rules and regulations are all for the benefit of the buyer. With national thoroughness, the Merchandise Marks Act is made to cover every article of food and drink. Inspectors are constantly at work, poking, prying, examining; they cut in half an apple from an old woman's stall, or rip open an orange, to test its quality; nothing escapes their vigilance, their authority is supreme. As an instance: the ox-butcher, who must announce himself as such over his shop door, may only sell ox-beef, and the cow-butcher the flesh of the cow. Any infringement by either of this law is so severely punished, that cheating is made too difficult to pay. This is immensely to the advantage of the poor, who may buy from the cheaper merchantman, and yet be sure of getting fair value.

Beef and mutton (which the writer remembers of old to be of the quality of shoe-leather) are now excellent. For every pound bought, the butcher may legally make you take 10 pf. worth of bone, *Zuwach* (for weight). If you decline the bone, your meat will come under the head of *ohne Zuwach* (without weight), and will be a penny dearer. Beef (with its make-weight of bone) 70 pf. Fillet of beef from 90 pf. to 1 m. 10 pf. Veal and pork from 70 pf. to 80 pf. Venison very cheap and abundant. Calves' feet (for soup or jelly) 20 pf. a pair. Chickens 1 m. 60 pf. to 2 m. 60 pf. Rabbits you will not find in the markets, since in Germany they are classed as vermin!

Here, taken almost at random, are a few items from a housekeeper's weekly book:

A bag, containing five measures of potatoes, such as might last a small household for a week, costs 60 pf. Eight onions 5 pf., a dozen carrots 10 pf., a cabbage 10 pf., a cauliflower 20, 30, or 40 pf. (considered very dear)! Tomatoes 20 to 40 pf., and peas 30 to 40 pf. per lb. Fruit, most of it grown in Italy, is very cheap and plentiful. Grapes 30 pf., peaches 25 pf. per lb., apricots still less. Apples much as in England, oranges considerably dearer.

Bavarian bread is a delight to eat for its lightness and its whiteness. Good as it is, even hungry boys would scarcely consume more than four rolls at a time, and these can be had for the expenditure of one penny, or 10 pf. A long loaf costs 20 pf. Rye bread, which many English people learn to like, is much cheaper. In all manner of confectionery, tarts, sweets, and what old-fashioned people used to call "tea-bread," Germany rivals Scotland as "the land o' cakes." Flour is 20 pf. per lb.

Butter begins to be eatable, or at least good, at 1 m. 20 pf. Milk, on the other hand, is only 20 pf. the quart—less than half its London price. Munich beer may be allowed to speak for itself; it will do so in no whisper from every street corner, though it is but fair to say that its enormous consumption is very rarely forced

unpleasantly on the observer. This chapter on the store-room may end with the information that such necessities as oil (petroleum) to burn in lamps is only 20 pf. a quart, and that spirit of wine, turpentine, vaseline, lanoline, and even matches, are all much less expensive than at home.

For the stove, wood or briquettes will be required. A *Klafter* of wood, which, with economy, might serve an entire winter of four or five months, will be charged 38 m. It will be cut in convenient logs at the purchasers' door, and a woman (to whom, with so much other rough work, this duty always falls) will carry it in a kind of cradle or frame on her back to the cellar. For these services a further sum of 7 or 8 m. must be paid. A small back-load of hard wood (*Buchenholz*, beech wood, is generally used for heating and cooking purposes) will cost about 90 pf., and will last a day or two. Kindling wood (pine) is 70 pf. a back-load.

Coal is expensive, 24 m. a ton at the least, but very little is used, a clause in some agreements forbidding its consumption as increasing the risk of fire where a house is old, or partly built of wood. Where it is allowed, a cheaper substitute may be found in blocks of compressed coal-dust, which may be obtained in a small size for 1 m. 20 pf. a hundred.

The servant question is a burning one abroad as well as at home, and if it has not yet reached quite so acute a crisis in Germany as in England, that is because the German wife and daughter take such a large share in the care of the home, that where three maids would be required there, one suffices here, consequently there is not the same deficiency between supply and demand. It must be confessed that, outwardly at least, the German servant is a most unattractive creature. She dresses like a charwoman; she is noisy, unmannerly, rough, and, according to our ideas, entirely untrained in her duties. On the other hand, her record in the police-books may be considered fairly accurate; she is usually honest, good-tempered in her loud way, and will readily undertake tasks her daintier English sister would sniff at. As a "general," she can be obtained through a registry office or by advertisement at a salary of from £12 to £15, and for this sum she will undertake the family washing and ironing. But it would be vain to expect her to open the door to visitors in the neat livery of an English parlour-maid, or to wait upon you or your guests at table. She will bring the dishes from the kitchen, and will slap them down at the nearest corner of the table, flinging a handful of knives and forks beside them. If your soul revolts at food thus offered, you must be prepared to be your own parlour-maid.

Where strict economy has to be practised (as in our supposititious case), a *Zugehrinn*, or daily help, who will come punctually each morning and work for two or three hours for a breakfast of rolls and coffee and 10 m. a month is often preferred. If it is desired to avoid the

expense of a laundress, washing can be quite conveniently accomplished in a flat, since the use of wash-house and mangle in the basement, and of drying-room in the attic or on the roof, can be had in turn with other occupants. The tenant will, in that case, provide firing and worker's food and wage; the latter 2 m. for a day of twelve hours.

Shopping need offer no difficulty even to the new comer, who may know no word of German, since English is understood everywhere, and is spoken also in most shops. Dress material for both sexes, and boots and shoes, are priced much as in England, but woollen and silken stuffs are, as a rule, of inferior quality, and not warranted to last. It is frequently cast at us as a reproach that so many of our cheaper ready-made garments are of German origin, but it is some comfort to find that for really good fabrics England still holds the palm. When an article is described as *echt Englisch*, it may be taken for praise. Warm wraps, furs and flannels are necessary in winter.

We have now touched upon most of the points that concern the house-mother, but, lest her children should fall ill, she may be relieved to know that a cab at 60 pf. or 80 pf. will take her to the doctor, and that his fee, unless he is a very popular and fashionable physician, will not exceed the modest sum of 3 m. a visit. Munich is, however, rated one of the healthiest towns in Germany. It is well drained, well lighted, and has an excellent supply of pure water. The winter climate is keen, but the cold is of a dry and bracing order, very soothing to over-wrought nerves, and good for rheumatic people. A season without snow-fall is exceedingly rare, but the order-loving German speedily clears his pavements, and walking, especially when shod with the universal golosh, is rarely unpleasant.

There remains the question of education, which we suppose to be the aim of our travellers. How excellent, thorough, and systematic this is, needs no telling here. Schools of every description abound—Kindergarten, elementary, secondary, polytechnic, trade, arts and crafts, as well as many others for special subjects, such as woman's work, teaching, etc. For boys, whether aiming or not at the University, there is the *Real Gymnasium*, which, at very low fees, offers solid instruction and thorough mental training. A similar system prevails for girls, or, if preferred, they can be educated at a private school which, one need scarcely say, aims at a far higher standard than the "Young Ladies' Seminary" still lingering with us. Instruction at such a school, including languages and music, may be had by the day pupil for as little as 20 m. a month. Private tuition, the teacher going to the pupil, is paid at the rate of 1 m. a lesson.

Music is charged for at a somewhat higher rate, but there is the *Conservatorium* for those who wish to make a serious study of it. All study is, indeed, serious in this land of thoroughness, where knowledge is prized as power.

Munich, with its splendid Academy, has long taken foremost rank as a school of German Art, and great facilities are afforded to students of drawing and painting. Artists of repute throw open their studios to pupils, the fees ranging from 25 m. to 40 m. a month. In some instances, separate classes are held for women. A pupil has the choice of entering for the day or for the night school, or of taking both courses.

Many young men and women engaged in the study of Art arrange life simply enough by renting a single room in a pension, the price to include a plain breakfast. Dinner and supper may be had at small outlay in a restaurant, but where this cannot be afforded the student may arrange to share the midday meal of some German family living near his studio. He will hear of such either by advertising or replying to advertisements in the local papers. He will not, perhaps, fare sumptuously, but two or three courses of plain nourishing food will be at his command, and for this he will not be called on to disburse more than 70 pf. or 80 pf.

Permission to copy at the galleries is free, but a ticket must be obtained of the custodian.

Enough, and perhaps more than enough, has been said to show that a temporary migration to the Bavarian capital need not dismay even the most untravelled, while a stay in a city that has the best of music to offer (military and church music as well as concerts); an incomparable collection of old masters and of modern paintings in the Old and in the New Pinakothek, to name but two of its many galleries; a truly Royal Library (to which access is easily gained), consisting of 1,300,000 volumes; a vast National Museum; a great deal that is quaint and curious in its architecture—cannot but be largely educative to young and old alike.

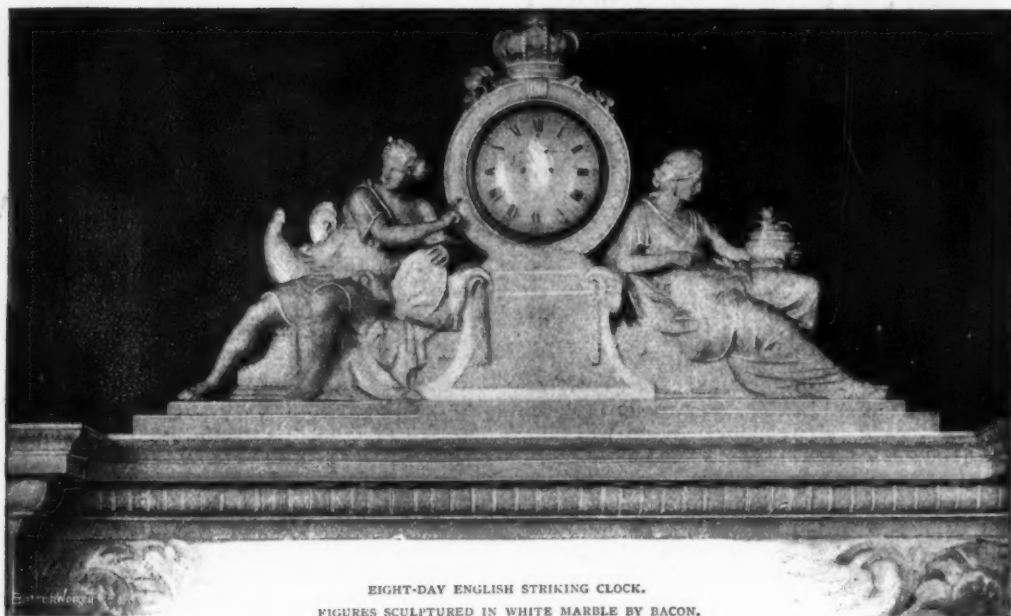
The Bavarians are a kindly and a courteous race, mainly Catholic, but living on terms of amity with their German and English Protestant neighbours. The latter, by the way, have the boon of a resident English clergyman.

Life in Germany is simpler than it is in England, with less display; pleasures are simpler too, and more easily achieved. Some will hold it to be an advantage that from Munich one can go almost anywhere: to Vienna, or the Austrian or Bavarian Tyrol, to Italy or Switzerland; but for less ambitious folk who cannot go so far afield, there is boating on the Isar, and many pleasant little excursions to be made within the limit of a half-day's holiday, by rail or cycle, or even on foot.

HAUSFRAU.

THE QUEEN'S CLOCKS AT WINDSOR.

BY ERNEST M. JESSOP.



EIGHT-DAY ENGLISH STRIKING CLOCK.
FIGURES SCULPTURED IN WHITE MARBLE BY BACON.

"THIS being done, to the King's house, and to observe the neatness and contrivance of the house and gates: it is the most romantique castle that is in the world. But Lord! the prospect that is in the balcone in the Queene's lodgings, and the terrace and walk, are strange things to consider, being the best in the world, sure:"

The above were the recorded opinions of the evergreen Pepys, as duly set forth in his Diary, under the date of February 26, 1666, concerning Windsor, and a stroll through the beautiful old Castle to-day will leave little to add and naught to remove from the quaint Diarist's description. But it is rather of the contents of the "Queene's" lodgings than the prospect from the "balcone" of which I am writing to-day. Not the least curious, beautiful, or valuable of these is the extraordinary collection of clocks, some two hundred and fifty in number, which are distributed amongst the 683 rooms and corridors of the Castle. As all these clocks are kept in working order, and the periods for which they are constructed to work, without winding, range from forty-eight hours to twelve months, the office of the local clockmaker who attends to their welfare can be no sinecure. There is a tradition in the Castle that the twelve months' clock is always wound on the winder's birthday, as by no other means could the proper period be remembered after such a long interval.

The oldest, and certainly the most interesting, of the Queen's clocks, is the small but very beautiful one which was presented to Anne Boleyn by King Henry VIII on the eve of their inauspicious marriage. It is a bracket clock in a pierced and chased ormolu case, with an open-work domed top supported by pilasters with Corinthian capitals. Surmounting the dome is a lion or leopard rampant, holding a shield embossed with the royal arms of England quartered with those of France. The small doors on either side of the clock case are engraved with the royal arms *en suite*. The two heavy leaden weights, which supply the motive power, are partly cased in copper gilt, and are decorated with engraved devices—H. A. and true lovers' knots on the one, the letters H. A. on the other. Encircling the top of each weight is the motto: "Dieu et mon droit"; around the ends runs the legend: "Ye most happye."

The clock, which also possesses two plain round brass weights, stands on a gilded wood bracket, with thirteen portraits carved in relief on its surface.

This clock, in common with many of the contents of the Castle, has known some changes of domicile, and its latest record says that it was purchased at Horace Walpole's sale at Strawberry Hill, and returned to its proper home. It is ten inches in height, and now stands in "The Chapel Retiring Room," where it is kept in

countenance by some curious portraits by Holbein, Janet, and others of its original owners. The clock case itself might possibly be of Holbein's own designing, as it is well known



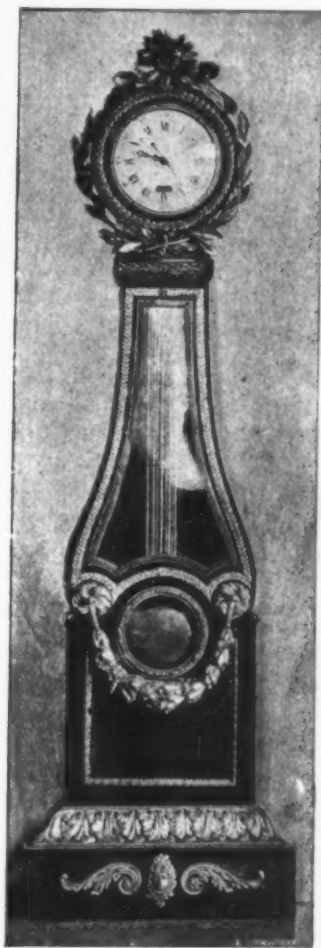
QUEEN ANNE BOLEYN'S CLOCK. A PRESENT FROM HENRY VIII.

that he made many designs for cups, arms, and jewellery during Henry's reign. A drawing by him of a cup for Queen Jane Seymour, as well as some designs for jewels, is still to be seen in the British Museum.

From a very early period, our Royal Family appear to have been patrons of the clock-making industry. Mention is made in Rymer's "*Fœdera*," of protection being given by Edward III to three Dutch horologists, who were invited from Delft into England in the year 1368, and this appears to have been the introduction of clock-making into England. According to Froissart, Courtrai had a clock about the same period, which was taken away by the Duke of Burgundy in 1382. Conradus Dasypodius gives an account of one erected at Strasbourg about 1370, and Lehmann informs us of another at Spire in 1395. There is good reason for supposing that they came into general use in this country about the end of the fourteenth century, for we find Chaucer (1328-1400), who lived in the Winchester Tower, and was Clerk of the Works to Windsor Castle, writing:

"Full sickerer was his crowing in his loge,
As is a clock, or any Abbey orloge."

It must not be supposed that the mechanism of the clocks or orloges mentioned in these old chronicles much resembled that used in more modern times. Both the clock and watch are but compounds of successive inventions, and not by any means the contrivance of one man. Thus wheel work was known and applied in the time of Archimedes. A weight being applied as a maintaining power, would most likely have at first a fly similar to that of a kitchen jack to regulate the velocity. This being subject to such changes from the varying density of the atmosphere, and the tendency of a falling body to accelerate its motion, would necessarily give way to the alternating movement of the balance, with which an escapement of some kind must have been coupled. Following these would naturally come the dial-plate and hands or



LOUIS XVI CLOCK BY LEPANTE, PARIS. CASE EBONY AND OMMOLU.
GOES FOR TWELVE MONTHS. HEIGHT, 6 FEET 8 INCHES.

pointers. Last of all came the striking part, to proclaim at a distance the hour that the clock indicated.

Clocks were originally of great bulk, and only suitable for turrets and large buildings; and

both before and since the invention of springs many ingenious attempts appear to have been made to supply a portable motive power. For instance, apropos of our present subject, we find Pepys recording, in 1660: "To Westminster, and there met Mr. Henson, who had formerly had the brave clock that went with bullets (which is now taken away from him by the King, it being his goods)." The Stuarts seem to have been particularly rich in clocks. Here is a quaint one, described by Evelyn in his Diary February 24, 1655: "I was shew'd a table clock whose ballance was onely a chrystall ball sliding on parallell wyers without being at all fixed, but rolling from stage to stage till falling on a spring conceal'd from sight, it was throwne up to the upmost channel againe, made with an imperceptible declivity, in this continual vicissitude of motion prettily entertaining the

struck. This very extraordinary piece (richly adorn'd) had been presented by some German Prince to our late King, and was in possession of the Usurper, valu'd at £200."



FAVOURITE CLOCK OF WILLIAM III.



ASTRONOMICAL CLOCK. CASE BY DOULLE, MOVEMENT BY G. VULLIAMY? HEIGHT, 8 FEET 3 INCHES.

eye every halfe minute, and the next halfe giving progress to the hand that shew'd the houre, and giving notice by a small bell, so as in 120 halfe minutes, or periods of the bullet's falling on the ejaculatorie spring, the clock part

Unfortunately with the lapse of time many of these curios have disappeared, and no trace of this particular piece is now to be found in the Royal collection.

At what period portable clocks began to be made is uncertain, but it must have been prior to 1544, for in that year the Corporation of Master Clock Makers at Paris obtained from Francis I a statute, forbidding anyone, who was not an admitted master, to make clocks, watches, or alarms, *large or small*. Before portable clocks could be made the substitution of the main-spring for a weight, as the motive power, must have taken place, and we find, towards the middle of the sixteenth century, horologists making small portable clocks. About the same time also appeared the pendulum, Evelyn recording in 1661: "I dined with that great mathematician and virtuoso Monsieur Zulichem, inventor of the pendule clock." The articles, however, now called watches were very imperfect, going, in fact, with less precision than an old clock. They had only an hour hand, and most of them required winding twice a day. Clockmakers have at all periods invented ingenious devices for causing their clocks, as well as striking, to play chimes or tunes, to show the moon's age and phases, the times of high water, and many astronomical phenomena. A notable clock of this kind, in addition to the specimen illustrated, is to be seen in the Royal Library at Windsor. It is an eight-day clock, three feet in height, by Maniere, of Paris. Two ormolu figures—Time and Astronomy—are studying a globe on which the time is indicated by two circles. The round Rosa marble pedestal on which the clock stands is ornamented with books, a palette, a lyre, and

various other emblems. Unhappily, the records of the various objects of art at Windsor have been so carelessly kept, that it is difficult to assign a period to many of them, but internal



SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY CLOCK, GERMAN?

evidence would stamp this clock as one of the many beautiful productions of the age of Louis Quinze.

Here is a contemporary record of an astronomical clock, the property of Charles II. "And amongst the clocks, one that shew'd the rising and setting of the Sun in the Zodiac, the Sun represented by a face and raies of gold, upon an azure skie, observing the diurnal and annual motion, rising and setting behind a landscape of hills, the work of our famous Fromantel."

One of the most interesting clocks in the Windsor collection is a very small and beautifully made specimen, formerly the favourite travelling clock of William III. It is only some six and a quarter inches in height. The case is of black metal, ornamented on top and sides with very finely pierced and chased silver ornaments. Its face is of metal gilded, with silver dial plates, and decorative work in relief. Over the dial is engraved the maker's name, "D. Quare fecit London." The moulded edges are also of silver. An ormolu medallion on one side bears the monogram W.R. surmounted by a crown, a similar medallion on the reverse side has a

crown and sceptre engraved on it. The case is lined with crimson silk. By a vandalism for which it is impossible to account, a lever escapement was added by C. Frodsham in 1862.

The Queen's attention being specially called to this beautiful little clock on her accession, it was by her orders placed in the North Corridor of her private apartments, where it still remains. Of all the costly contents of the Grand Corridor at Windsor there is no piece of greater interest than the beautiful clock, bearing a superb crystal and enamel casket, which contains the Bible of the late General Gordon. There, in the midst of its magnificent surroundings, its casket itself worth some thousands of pounds, lies the unpretending little volume. Its own original cost possibly but a shilling or two, its well-thumbed leaves, its war-worn look, telling so



LOUIS QUINZE CLOCK. MARQUETRY CASE, ORMOLU MOUNTS.
CASE BY G. BERTHOUD, MOVEMENT WILLIAMS.
HEIGHT, 7 FEET 11 INCHES.

clearly the story of the man himself and what he fought for. The Bible was presented to her Majesty by the sister of the late General after his death, and an inscription affixed to the

clock records the date and manner of the presentation. The clock itself, with its casket or reliquary, is well worthy of its precious con-



EIGHT-DAY QUARTER-CHIMING CLOCK. CASE BY BOULLE, IN BRASS AND TORTOISESHELL, WITH ORMOLOU MOUNTS. FIGURE OF TIME ON TOP, THE FATES IN FRONT OF CASE. WORKS BY VULLIAMY? HEIGHT, 8 FEET 6 INCHES.

tents, being a magnificent specimen of seventeenth-century work, in silver gilt, rock crystal and enamel. On the top of the casket is a silver-gilt figure of St. George slaying the Dragon.

Scattered about the chief rooms of the Castle are so many splendid clocks of the Louis Quatorze, Louis Quinze, and Louis Seize periods, that it is almost impossible to allude to individual pieces. These were mainly imported by the kings and the great nobles in the reigns of Charles II and James II, when architecture, furniture, painting, and, in fact, all art work, reached to heights of beauty and luxury which have never been excelled. Immediately after the Restoration, the first thing that the great nobles did with their newly acquired or restored wealth was to build themselves magnificent houses to replace those destroyed or despoiled during the Commonwealth. To fill these came the



LOUIS XVI CLOCK, ORMOLOU AND WHITE MARBLE. MOVEMENT BY HANSON OF WINDSOR. HEIGHT, 2 FEET.

treasures of Europe, the first-fruits of which would naturally fall to the kings' share, either in the shape of presents which they freely accepted from their subjects, or by purchases made from the privy purse. Colbert, the great minister of Louis Quatorze, founded, in 1664, an "Académie royale de peinture, d'architecture et de sculpture." In this the designers of wood-work ornament or furniture were trained. One of the greatest of these was Boulle, an artist whose name has been spelt in many different ways, although it is now conceded that the above is the correct one. André Charles Boulle was born in 1642. He was head of the royal furniture department, and was lodged in the Louvre. His chief product, of which the cases of many of the Queen's handsomest clocks are made, was the peculiar veneered work composed of tortoiseshell and thin brass, to which was sometimes (but rarely) added ivory and enamelled metal. This kind of marquetry work is known by the name of, and is generally considered to be the invention of, Boulle. His

earlier work was very costly, owing to the waste of material in cutting; but the later was rendered more economical by fastening together two or three thicknesses of the different materials, and sawing them through at one operation. In the earlier Boulle, the tortoise-shell was left of its natural colour, in the later it was laid on a gilt ground or on vermillion. The brass was chased by a graver. The clock

case is of ebony with beautifully chased ormolu mounts (probably the work of the renowned Gouthière) representing the sunflower, laurels, etc. The movement has a pin-wheel escapement and a compensating pendulum, and will work for twelve months after each winding. Of the same epoch, a period when the arts of design were at the very highest point, are the beautiful little lyre-shaped clock of marble and ormolu in the Artists' room, and several others in her Majesty's private apartments. One point to be noted in all these fine old French clocks is the beauty of colour and state of preservation of the gilding. It was originally so good and so thickly laid on, that in most cases



EIGHT-DAY STRIKING CLOCK. HEAD OF APOLLO ON TOP. CLOCK SUPPORTED BY SPHINXES. CASE BY BOULLE, BRASS AND TORTOISE-SHELL, WITH ORMOLU MOUNTS. HEIGHT, 7 FEET 2 INCHES.

cases and pedestals are finished with most beautifully designed mouldings, feet, ornaments, etc., in solid brass.

For some unexplained reason, the movements of many of the finest French clocks at Windsor bear the name of Vulliamy—a comparatively modern maker—in addition to the half obliterated by time or purposely erased one of their original makers.

Of the Louis Seize period, in the Zucarrelli room is a particularly fine clock by Lepante of Paris. It is six feet eight inches in height, the



EIGHT-DAY STRIKING CLOCK FROM PAVILION, BRIGHTON. MAKER, VULLIAMY.

all that has been required to keep it to its original colour has been the rare use of a little soap and water.

The water gilding on the grand old Boulle clocks (designed by Berain and other great artists) can, however black it may be from neglect, be most easily cleaned.

Of the Chippendale period (his book of designs was published in 1764) there are sundry interesting specimens in the shape of tall-boy or grandfather's clocks. The brothers Adam, Heppelwhite, Sheraton, and others, are also represented as makers of clock cases in the collection, the eight-day movements being mainly signed by Richard Vick, Vulliamy, and Hanson of Windsor. It is to this last-named worthy that George IV owed his training in clockwork and other mechanics, in which em-

ployments he spent much time and thought, it being still remembered at Windsor that many hours of each day were passed by the king in Hanson's workshop consulting about manufacturing and testing various mechanical inventions. Although it would be outside the scope of this article to endeavour to remove any of the mound of magnificent vituperation with which Thackeray has covered the memory of George IV, one may still record that it is to his judicious purchases Windsor Castle owes no small part of its magnificent collection of furniture and curios. Of clocks specially made for him, one may notice the beautiful case of one specimen, with the figures sculptured in white marble by Bacon, and a more curious than beautiful specimen from the Pavilion at Brighton, in an ormolu case with enamelled Chinese figures at the base, and a peacock enamelled in its proper

colours on the summit. The plinth of the clock is of *lapis lazuli* and ormolu. A replica of this clock-case at Windsor contains a barometer and thermometer. Another interesting clock, of the George IV period, is the one fixed in the stone wall of the great kitchen at Windsor.

Of modern clocks the Queen possesses many specimens; but these have been chiefly chosen for their working capacities, her Majesty, in common with all her family, being a most rigid observer of punctuality. The Prince of Wales almost makes an excessive use of the proverb of punctuality being the politeness of princes, for by his orders all clocks on the Sandringham estate are kept half an hour in advance of the real time, in order to counteract any tendency to dilatoriness on the part of either his guests or retainers.

A LITTLE FOG.

ON the Grand Banks of Newfoundland there is generally unpleasantness of some sort in regard to the weather. If it isn't blowing a gale from the N.W. with the thermometer down several degrees below freezing, with frequent snow-squalls, and with the salt spray freezing as it flies aboard, and gradually embedding everything forward in a thick casing of solid ice—then it's blowing a gale from the S.W., with dreary muggy weather, constant drizzle, and a heavy sea. Or it's blowing a gale from somewhere else, or it has been, or it is threatening to. This in the winter time.

In the summer there is less wind and sea, and it is warmer, but these blessings are quite counterbalanced by the fog and its attendant horrors, icebergs—real, possible, or only imaginary—detestable craft that lurk in the densest of the glaring white vapour, themselves about the same colour, and make no sign, carry no lights, sound no fog-signals. Then there are steamers coming the opposite way, full speed probably, through the dense fog, blowing their whistles, or neglecting to blow them. And slow steamers going the same way, whom you are overtaking. You cannot always tell from their whistle which way they are going, but you surmise it after a while. A specialty of the Banks is the fishing-vessel, whose name is legion during the summer months. Barques, barquentines, brigs, brigantines, and schooners—mostly schooners—French, British, and American, congregate and anchor, and send their numerous boats out, or cruise around casually, seeking better ground. You generally come upon the thickest of these in the thickest of the fog. You hear a bell ringing alarmingly a point upon your port bow apparently, and you port your helm to give her a wide berth, and just as you are feeling comfortable again, and all

clear, another bell suddenly begins ringing right ahead, as the phantom herself looms shadowy through the mist, giving you bare time to use your helm to clear her.

Now, a steamer generally makes noise enough with her whistle for you to hear her before you hit her—time enough for you to use your helm and engines, if necessary, to avoid collision. But sailing-vessels under way are the mischief. They blow fog-horns which you may hear or you mayn't. Generally you mayn't. Some foghorns can be heard a little way off, some less, and some you don't hear till you see the dark phantom of the vessel herself, which, if she happens to be anywhere near ahead, has a very awakening effect upon your nerves. The steamer must always keep out of the way of the sailing-vessel; and that being the case, the most microscopical intelligence would naturally expect that the sailing-vessel would be armed with a good big noise-maker, for her own safety, and to ensure the steamer hearing her in plenty of time. But instead of this, it is the steamer makes the bigger noise, and the sailing-vessel not noise enough.

Fog is an unpleasant thing in itself. It is damp and chilly, and you can't get observations of the sun while the horizon is obscured. The monotonous deafening roar of your own steam whistle is enough to drive you mad, until you get used to it—by which time, of course, it clears up. Also, during the daytime the glare from the enveloping whiteness is frequently so strong as to burn the face, and make the eyes of those looking out ache a good deal more effectively than undiluted sunshine. Of course this is more especially the case when the fog is thick, but reaches no great height, and the sun shines down through it—a condition which frequently occurs on the Banks, when on the

polar current and when the wind is anywhere from the south'ard.

Now, this is the sort of thing which takes place on a steamer's bridge when a fog comes on in the neighbourhood of the Banks and bound west, say. We will suppose that I, the present writer, am in charge of the watch at about two o'clock on an afternoon in July. A gentle S.W. wind is blowing, and the sky is uniformly but lightly overcast. Vapour apparently pretty low down—nearly touching the mastheads, and threatening to drop and become fog. Sea smooth. I am walking to and fro athwartships, in a desultory, weak-kneed sort of way, keeping a bright look-out, and taking a look at the compass every now and then. Wondering whether the fog is coming or whether it will keep clear and give me an opportunity for my customary afternoon "sight" and "sun-bearing." 2.10.—Southern horizon becomes vague—then misty—then disappears. 2.12.—Ditto the horizon ahead. 2.15.—Fog—glaring, white, dense, and uncompromising. I blow my whistle once for the boatswain, who shortly appears.

"Nother hand on the look-out, boatswain."

"All right, sir."

Officer of the Watch (through the voice tube to the wheel-house below): "Quartermaster."

Q.M.: "Sir."

O. of W.: "Tell the captain it's foggy."

Q.M.: "Ay, ay, sir."

It is the universal rule to let the captain know when it becomes foggy. Some captains are more particular about it than others, requiring to be notified of the slightest sign of haziness. Others will endeavour to make you feel ashamed of yourself if you send word to them while you can see a ship's length. Principally a matter of temperament and nerves. I have come to the conclusion that in actual practice of fog navigation men are influenced quite as much by their feelings and instincts as by their knowledge and intelligence. And I am convinced this is not an unmixed good. For instance, it is the universal custom to keep staring ahead from bridge and crow's nest or fore-castle head when the fog is so thick that it is only possible to see a few fathoms, and when the only safe indication of any danger in the vicinity must obviously be got by hearing it. At the same time, the bridge, crow's nest, and fore-castle head are frequently—generally, in fact—not by any means the best places for distinguishing unusual sounds from the surrounding sea. The ear is bothered by the draughts round the head, by the moaning and whistling of the wind through rigging and over weather-cloths, and by the sound of the water breaking from the bows. It would seem under these circumstances to be a good plan to place a reliable man in some well-selected, sheltered position, where he can listen attentively, and hear soonest any sound of an approaching ship, communicating instantly with the bridge by electric bell or other means. But I never

knew this to be done yet. Instinct says "stare," so stare it is. If the starers hear also, well and good—happily they generally do hear in time to avoid collision—but staring is instinctively treated as the most important function; listening is a secondary affair. Of course, if you *can* see far enough to clear a danger by handling engines and helm immediately, then the "look-out" is the important function. All I maintain is that when you can't see an object ahead until it is so close that you must inevitably hit it, then it ceases to be so, and "listening" takes its place—or should do so.

[*The Captain comes on the bridge, looking unhappy.*]

Captain: "How long has it been like this, Mr. J——n?"

O. of W.: "About five minutes, sir. Shall I start the whistle?"

Now this is a thing that I want to tell you about. Many captains have a rooted objection to the whistle being blown before they themselves come on the bridge. It is very unreasonable and even dangerous, for if this be adhered to as a rule, it follows that the longer the captain takes to come on the bridge, the longer the ship remains running through the fog and making no sign. The same applies to the reduction of speed. It is an unjust handicapping of the officer in charge, as well as an endangering of the ship. Of course it sometimes happens that a few minutes before the fog came on you could see a clear and bare horizon for miles and miles. In that case there is no immediate necessity to commence fog precautions. But, on the other hand, before the real fog set in it may have been muggy weather, in which it was impossible to see a ship or an iceberg more than two or three miles off, in which case precautions ought to be taken at once.

Captain: "Yes, start the whistle. Have you got two hands on the look-out?"

"Yes, sir."

Each officer carries a whistle—one that will produce a good shrill blast and make itself heard all over the ship in moderate weather. One blast calls the boatswain or boatswain's mate; two calls a quartermaster. This holds in most steamers, though perhaps some have different arrangements.

[*One whistle for the boatswain.*]

O. of W.: "Hand to the whistle, boatswain."

Boatswain: "Ay, ay, sir."

The Rule of the Road at Sea lays it down that in fog, mist, falling snow, or heavy rain-storms, a long blast shall be blown upon the steam whistle or syren, at least once every two minutes—said blast to be from four to six seconds long. Also, that under these conditions the steamer shall go at a moderate speed. These rules, so far as they go, seem to me good. They are simple and not too stringent, but leave a certain latitude for the exercise of the individual judgment. You can blow your

whistle every minute, or every minute and a half, or at irregular intervals, provided you don't let more than two minutes pass without blowing it. And you can go at any speed you choose to consider moderate, which may vary anywhere between five knots and twenty knots an hour, according to whether you are in a hurry to catch a tide or not, or to the number of ships or icebergs likely to be about, or to the stopping and turning capabilities of your ship, or to the state of your nerves, or to any one or more of a variety of circumstances. Mail steamers, like mail trains, are not in the habit of slowing down for nothing, while others couldn't go quickly if they tried. It may also be as well to bear in mind that in case of an accident with another ship or an iceberg there are likely to be others sitting in judgment upon the moderation of your speed besides yourself.

With regard to the steam whistles, in many steamers they are far from perfection. They are worked by a lanyard—i.e. a cord or a small tackle—and often commence with a second or two of wheezing and blowing off steam; then perhaps a break into a high shrill note before settling down to the tone the whistle was intended for. Uncertain instruments like these are an element of danger and annoyance. You cannot possibly blow a clear and accurate blast of definite length with such whistles, although the rule of the road calls for such upon occasions. Again, you put one of your men at the whistle lanyard, and you tell him to blow a blast of six seconds every minute, and see the sort of business he'll make of it, ten chances to one. Even if he does his very best—and he may not—the probability is that he has but a very vague idea of how long a second is. Most people have. You'll get all sorts of blasts and all sorts of intervals, and indeed you have no right to expect any better when you come to consider it. Minute sand-glasses and watches are sometimes used to produce uniformity, but the whole system is low grade which sets a man to stand by a whistle lanyard—probably in a most uncomfortable position, exposed to wet and wind, or clinkers from the funnel—to perform a duty which could be done infinitely better by a machine. And quite latterly this is being done in some of the best steamers. The whistle is blown by means of an electromagnet worked from the electric-light dynamo, in conjunction with a clockwork contact maker and breaker. By this means the blasts and intervals are rendered uniform, and at the same time the whistle is under the immediate control of the officer of the watch whenever it is necessary to exercise it. I know from experience that it works admirably with the minimum of trouble—merely that of winding the clockwork up every four days, and the pressing of two buttons, one to start the automatic and the other for independent whistling. Should anything get out of order, you can always fall back on the old lanyard method.

By this time the captain and myself have settled down to our mutual occupancy of the

bridge and our contemplation of the glaring white mist that envelops us. There is not much wind, but what there is, together with the speed of the ship, suffices to set up a mournful whistling moan as it passes the rigging, the spars, the weather-cloth lanyards, stanchions, stays, etc.—a sound that every now and then makes one cock his ears up and fancy he hears a bell or a foghorn. There is, besides, the echo—I must call it echo, though it seems peculiar—of our own whistle from the surrounding sea, a sort of reverberation which varies very much in its distinctness, time, and direction. Sometimes it sounds exactly as if there were another steamer some distance off blowing a whistle of the same note. At others it will assume an undulatory sort of character, gradually dying away in the distance. And, curiously enough, sometimes under apparently the very same conditions not a ghost of an echo can be distinguished.

The fog gets thicker. The gathering drops of moisture in the weather rigging fall more frequently, and hit you every now and then in the eye or on the nose, and you begin to wonder whether it wouldn't pay you better to send for your oilskins than to stand and get wet. The vague indefinite ring around us, where the sea seems to lose itself in the whiteness, crawls up nearer to us, and the fore part of the ship herself is not as distinct as it was. If we saw anything ahead now we'd hit it; if it were not ahead we couldn't hit it, though it might possibly hit us. Ergo—eyesight is for the time useless so far as the "look-out" is concerned—but we continue to stare fixedly ahead, just as if it wasn't. Our ears must detect any danger in the vicinity or it will remain undetected, unless—but we won't think about that. The boats are moderately ready—comparatively ready—as ready as boats usually are in vessels that never have occasion to use them from one year's end to another. Their plugs, oars, thole pins, masts, lug-sails, and water barricoes are in them, and I don't think they'd leak much, or at all events they'd "take up" after floating a short time. Also, we have bulkheads without any doorways cut in them. For the rest, our trust is that we shan't meet anything bigger than gulf seaweed. Ice is all very well in a restaurant this nice warm summer weather. On the "Banks" it seems altogether a different sort of stuff, and out of place—a nuisance, in fact.

Captain: "Air and water, quartermaster, every half-hour." (This means, take the respective temperatures of the air and sea.)

Q.M.: "Ay, ay, sir."

Captain: "Go 'half-speed,' Mr. J—n."

O. of W.: "Half-speed, sir."

[Rings telegraph accordingly.]

It has been, and perhaps still is, a belief that the close vicinity of ice can be detected by an unusual drop in the temperature of the sea. Perhaps it can if you go at a snail's pace, test the water continuously, and note the unusual drop in time, although I certainly have heard

of warm (Gulf Stream) water being noted quite close to an iceberg. However that may be, you might easily hit icebergs between whales, if you relied much upon temperatures and only took them every half-hour, at the same time steaming ten to thirteen knots an hour. But it is safer to take them thus than not at all. You may get a warning by the temperature, before hearing the echo of your whistle from a berg, or before actually seeing it. You mustn't expect everything that sailors do to be based upon the latest science. Instinct, bodily condition, misinterpreted experiences, and a number of fine old crusted prejudices, all pull their little strings.

Q.M. : "Air 64, water 54, sir."

Captain : "All right."

But if there is a certain flavour of uselessness attached to the taking of temperatures under these conditions, so far as the detecting of ice is concerned, it sometimes gives you a glimmering of an idea of how long the fog is likely to last. When it is foggy, and the water temperature remains 8° or 10° below the air temperature, with the wind from the southward, you may expect it to remain foggy. When the successive observations show them tending to equalise, you may expect it to clear. If the wind shifts to anywhere between N. and W. you may, if you like, also expect it to clear, but, so far as my experience goes, it is better to leave prophesying alone altogether. It is only wasting your breath and speculation. It's foggy, and you can't alter it, so make the best business of it you can. It clears, so thank your stars, ring her on "full speed," and knock off that horrible whistle.

I have heard so many prophetic utterances with regard to fog and weather generally which failed to justify themselves, that I have ceased to take any interest in them. If my captain says, "Ha! it's going to clear," I say, "Yes, sir, I think it is." If he says, "Just as likely as not we shall carry this fog to Boston," I say, "I dare say we shall, sir." Which is much better than trying to raise an argument with a heavier weight than yourself and without any fulcrum on which to rest the lever of your remarks. And so—"B-o-o-o-o-h!" (on the starboard bow somewhere).

O. of W. (quickly, quietly, and with obvious interest) : "Hear that, sir?"

Captain (wakefully and with alertness) : "Where d'you make it, J—n? Starboard bow?" (*To the man at wheel*) "Starboard! Hard a starboard!"

M. at W. : "Hard a starboard, sir."

[*Captain rings telegraph "full speed."*

Pause, during which the ship swings off about four points to the southward.

Captain : "Steady!"

M. at W. : "Steady, sir."

[*"B-o-o-o-o-h!" from the starboard beam.*

O. of W. : "There it is again, sir. Fog-horn—single blast—fisherman on the starboard tack, I expect."

Captain (gazing intently into the fog to star-

board) : "There she is—see? Just abaft the beam! Port!" [*Rings telegraph to "slow."*

M. at W. : "Port, sir."

[*Dark phantom visible about a cable off, due to a local thinning of the fog.*

Captain : "Keep her her course again."

M. at W. : "Course again, sir."

[*"B-o-o-o-o-h!"*

Captain and self renew our stare ahead with revived alertness, both of us, perhaps, thinking blasphemous thoughts about foghorns in general. That schooner was standing to the south'ard, and we starboarded right across her bow. If it had been blowing a fresh breeze she'd have been going quicker, probably, and at the same time, perhaps, we shouldn't have heard her.

Captain : "Half-speed, Mr. J—n."

O. of W. : "Half-speed, sir."

[*Rings telegraph accordingly.*

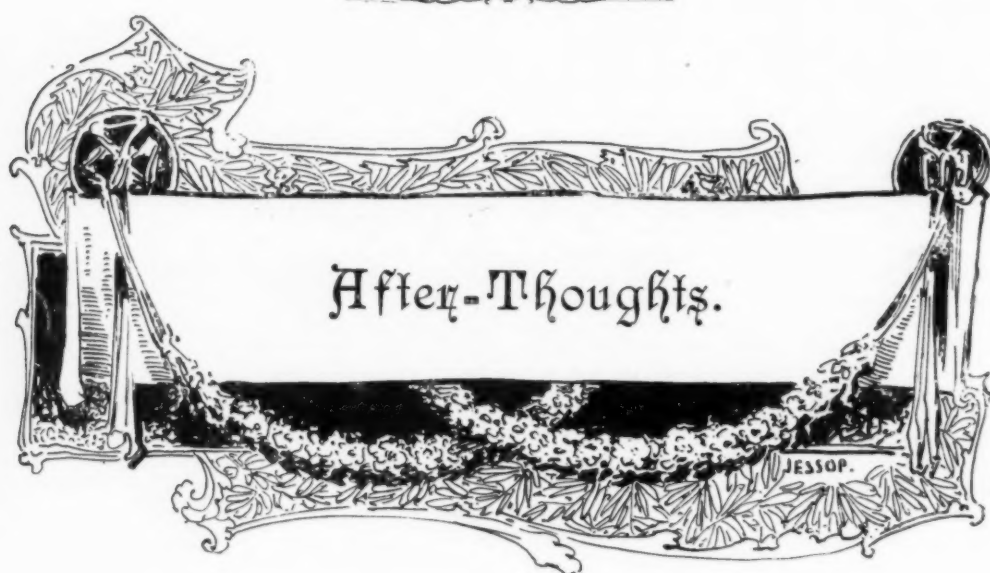
Of course we oughtn't to have starboarded to a sailing-vessel on our starboard bow and heading across, but by the time you hear their penny-farthing foghorns they are so close that you have got to act *instantly* without waiting for details of their bearing, distance, and the way they are heading. Your only chance is to decide instantly on your course of action, and stick to it.

This sort of thing may continue for two or three days, or it may clear up very soon and allow the captain to leave the bridge without feeling that he is risking his ship. One of the first questions asked by owners and others when news of a collision first comes to hand is "Where was the captain?" Captains know this and feel it, too, and the custom has come to be that they stay on the bridge as long as the fog stays, or until they are so nearly dead that they can't stay any longer. The philosophy of such a proceeding is obscure. The officers of the ship are certified by the Board of Trade examiners to be capable of taking charge of a ship as well in foggy weather as in clear. They may, perhaps, be passed ship-masters themselves, but even if only passed second mates they are supposed to understand the principles and practice of fog-navigation. So that it amounts to this—that the only conceivable reasons for a captain remaining on the bridge the whole of a long fog are : (1) His nerves won't allow him to be comfortable off it—the sound of the whistle, and the feeling of responsibility for the safety of his ship, hold him there pretty effectually; or (2) he may have greater confidence in his own powers of handling his ship safely in thick weather than he has in those of his officers. It is a very natural feeling. The captain is generally an older and more experienced man than his officers, besides having more at stake, and being, in the eyes of his owners and the public generally at all events, more immediately responsible for her safe conduct. But against this reason (2) should be set the unquestionable fact that the longer the fog lasts, the more exhausted with the strain of "watching" will

the captain become, and consequently the less likely to act promptly and correctly in case of emergency, while his officers, keeping regular watches, are fairly fresh and alert. Also, that age and experience in a captain are, at all events in fog navigation, only to a limited extent advantages. An officer in the prime of life, or younger, who has had sufficient experience of fogs, who is fresh and alert, not over troubled with nerves, and of good eyesight and keen hearing, may very easily be a better man to have charge of the ship in fog than his older and more experienced captain. Besides this, the latter has many other things to do and

consider besides the immediate conning of the ship, notwithstanding the paramount importance of that function. Also two officers in charge over the same concern may very possibly produce confusion at a critical moment. However, while the captain is considered as at all times personally responsible for the safety of his ship, even while he is, or ought to be, getting much needed rest, or attending to other indispensable duties, and while fog navigation is the uncertain, uncomfortable, and hazardous thing it is at present, just so long will this evil exist.

WALTER JOHNSON, LIEUT. R.N.R.



Conscience at
Corners. One who has time to linger in Ratisbon or Nuremberg for a longer inspection than the hurrying traveller may afford, cannot but be impressed by the conscientious work in every branch of art which he will find in unexpected corners. Carvings hidden away in dim court-yards; the pump-handle in a stableyard, a gem of quaint ingenuity; bell-pulls, graceful spirals, or trailing sprays of flowers and fruit; shop signs which are wonders of skill and taste. He will notice, too, in Nuremberg especially, the elaborate adornment of the high-pitched roofs, which one has to crane the neck to see at all. The hooded windows of these airy chambers overhanging the street have often much patient and graceful designing; scrolls, flowers, figures ornamenting them, and here and again a motto: "Soli Deo Gloria;" the spirit in which all was done. For love and honour, the best that a man had it in him to do he gave to his task in those old days, even

if he knew that none but the birds should ever see it.

In Albrecht Dürer's charming old house there are many instances of the same care to be seen, notably in the kitchen. Few visitors would do more than glance into this dark little kitchen, in going over the rooms where the great painter lived and worked, and where are many memorials of him, but if the custodian sees you interested, she will show you things well worthy of a glance. Here is a stable lantern, with an exquisite framework of wrought-iron, the dome-shaped top elaborately tooled. The great water stoup (the broad-backed Nuremberg women still shoulder a similar burden) is of chased copper, a thing to cherish for its beauty, the very iron spoons have twirls and tendrils that make them dainty. Door-hinges and handles; the housewife's key ring, a wreath of iron roses with hooks for the keys hidden among the foliage; everywhere love, and thought, and patience, and skill, and infinite

pains in little things. And such wonderful individuality! No turning of a pattern out by the gross. Each man was his own designer in those days, and he scorned to repeat himself.

But much as we may lament the decay of the handicraftsman's art, there is another side of the question which in fairness we must remember.

The same skill that beautified the home went to the manufacture of the cruellest horrors the world ever knew. The martyrdom of the saints, depicted in many a Roman church, falls far short of the tortures inflicted in the same "good old times" that saw art at its glory in the house. Ingenuity in inventing the most diabolical cruelties reaches its acme in the display of punishments to be studied in the Torture Chamber of the old Heathen Tower.

To Nuremberg's lasting shame, she, in whose skilled hands iron was lovely and plastic as wax, invented the "Iron Woman" in which 500 of her hapless sisters were done to death.—
L. K.

An Unknown
Giver.

Does it matter so very much, after all, whether, if the work be good, the workman's name is handed down through the ages?

There is, in that great treasure house of the past, the Germanic Museum at Nuremberg (the building itself a Carthusian monastery of the fourteenth century), a Sorrowing Mary, a work of marvellous tenderness, grace, and beauty, carved in wood by an unknown hand. It is said to have had its place in a group representing the Crucifixion, supposed to date about 1500, but though dissevered from its associates it is quite perfect in itself.

The absolute simplicity of this draped figure drooping under a load of grief too profound for tears, too sincere for any theatrical display, cannot but move and touch one who looks upon it. Here is no Mary Virgin to set in an alcove and deck with tawdry finery, but Mary the mother, her heart rent, her mind, so often troubled and confused in those three and thirty years, dimly opening at last to the sublimity of her position as Mother of the Saviour of the world, yet torn with the natural human grief of parent for dying child.

All this one sees, or seems to see, in this gift of an unknown giver.

Was it so great a pity that he should pass into silence unremembered as a man? Surely not, since his work lives to be his memorial. We think of him, wonder about him the more, perhaps, reverence him none the less, because he is nameless, dateless, just some patient worker who did his best, with no thought of praise or fame, and so went his way.

Yet this gracious figure of Mother Mary, so simple and unstudied in an age that clung somewhat to the conventional, though we know of nothing else by the same hand, was not surely his only legacy. He was, can we doubt

it, no anonymous craftsman to Peter Vischer, Adam Krafft, or Veit Stoss, the men who, in bronze and stone and wood, made Nuremberg, what it still remains to the art lover, a city apart. From him, since they could not but acknowledge him master, they must have drawn inspiration, and so he lives again in them. And is not that fame enough?—L. K.

Biography.

It is curious to observe how much the reputation of illustrious men and women depends on their biographers, and it was probably the fear of losing some portion of it that led Matthew Arnold and Thackeray to request that their lives might not be written. An affectionate jealousy of his wife's fame caused Browning to guard it as far as that was possible from a similar danger. The peril, moreover, is not always due to incompetence, as everybody knows who has read Froude's fascinating biography of Carlyle. The writer may be a man of high endowments and may have the requisite knowledge, but neither knowledge nor learning, nor a full measure of appreciation, will avail if he lack the sense of proportion and the art of throwing aside the "superfluous baggage" which, to give a striking example, encumbers the two most prominent "Lives" of Wordsworth quite as much as it encumbers his poetry. How often has an unfortunate biographer pointed a moral at the expense of his hero!

It is rather a difficult question in ethics how far a man is justified in laying bare the moral or intellectual nakedness of another; that he should shun the eulogy which savours of untruthfulness is not a question at all. If an artist be not bound to paint all he sees in a face, he must beware of exaggerating features and of changing the expression. He must portray nothing that is not true, but is it his duty, like a man in the witness-box, to tell the whole truth on his canvas? If Nature softens defects, why should not art? and if the portrait painter has this license, why not the writer, who gives a fuller and more comprehensive portrait in print? It is imperative, however, that a biographer should be alive to the responsibility of the task he has undertaken. Probably in nine cases out of ten very much of the reputation of a distinguished man depends on the discretion and literary tact of one who is not distinguished, and an unskilful hand, instead of using the wealth at his disposal for the erection of a lasting monument, may expend it on a tomb.—J. D.

An Imaginary
Interview.

How I had got there I did not know, but I was at Mrs. Grundy's house, in Mr. Grundy's drawing-room. It was a large room, handsomely furnished. I noticed with approval the absence of those small spindle-legged, weak-kneed tables which are so apt to overturn, and make the

passage through an average drawing-room of this day an undertaking fraught with terror; noticed too a large basin of fresh roses which, it was manifest, had been gathered in clusters as they grow, instead of being picked in single blossoms to be placed in specimen glasses. Furthermore, I noted the absence of candle-shades. The candles stood out in their own gleaming whiteness, and were not provided with those awnings red and blue, which are such a delight to the eyes till they catch fire and spread dismay.

In this room I had sat for some moments wondering to myself when Mrs. Grundy would enter and what Mrs. Grundy would say, when the door opened, and there entered, not a lady, but a gentleman. I rose with a foolish surprise, which Mr. Grundy, perhaps not unnaturally, resented.

"You did not imagine, sir," he said coldly, "that Mrs. Grundy meant to receive you without me, did you?"

I murmured something which resolved itself into neither "yes" nor "no," and which I felt was incoherent, but expressive of regret. At this moment Mrs. Grundy entered. Picture to yourself—for this is what I saw—a lady of a certain age, in the uncertain sense of that phrase, with a face still pretty, howbeit a little pinched and a little dim in colour, like a dried flower. She said—they were the first words she spoke, and I entered them in my note-book—

"You begin, Mr. Grundy."

She appeared shy, and, as she spoke, broke into a little twittering laugh, that seemed to fly about the room like a canary. I think she had never been formally interviewed before.

Mr. Grundy turned to me:

"You may ask her some questions. I suppose you want to know what her favourite virtue in man is?"

"I shall certainly feel grateful if Mrs. Grundy will tell me that," I answered, smiling.

Mrs. Grundy said: "Discretion."

I entered the answer in my note-book, saying, as I dotted the i's: "And what, may I ask, is your favourite virtue in woman?"

"Discretion," replied Mrs. Grundy.

There was a certain sameness about this, and I felt that there was some testiness in my voice as I continued: "Is there any one quality which you especially admire in literature?"

"Yes," Mrs. Grundy answered, "discretion."

I wrote the word mournfully for the third time, and then said: "You have doubtlessly some preference in matters of dress, Mrs. Grundy?"

"I like discretion," Mrs. Grundy said.

At that I closed my memorandum book, and rose. "Th—thank you. I think I need trespass no longer on your time."

Mr. and Mrs. Grundy rose. Mr. Grundy bowed with much kindness, and Mrs. Grundy bowed with a smile. I cannot remember leaving the house, but I found myself back in my home after forty winks. And then I remembered the

little girl's talk that had led up to this dream. "Who is Mrs. Grundy?" the little girl had asked, and on my telling her all I knew about Mrs. Grundy, had crept closer to me and had said, "Please tell me about—Mr. Grundy now."

E. D'E. K.

Our Former
Selves.

I think we may write it down as a blessing if our life has gone on without those sudden and complete shiftings of scene which often seem to divide a man from his old self, and to make it difficult for him to profit by his former experience. There is something pathetic in the thought of a man's tenderest associations, his earliest affections and most innocent aspirations lying among surroundings so different from his present that they do not seem to belong to him. To strive for some vital connection with the Past is to seek to maintain the organic unity of our existence. It is well sometimes even to take a solitary wandering along old paths where we used to walk in days gone by. For then our old self may come and walk with us, and exchange confidences about the Past and the Present, which may signify something to the Future.—I. F. M.

Citizens of the
World.

Francis Bacon in an essay on "Goodness, and Goodness of Nature," says: "If a man be gracious and courteous to strangers, it shows he is a citizen of the world, and that his heart is no island, cut off from other lands, but a continent that joins them." We who live on an "island cut off from other lands" should take these words to heart; and, while upholding all that is good and true in the customs of our own country, should free ourselves from prejudices, and be ready to accept what is good from the experiences of other lands. Surely it is possible to be a citizen of the world as well as a true patriot.

In place of passing through foreign lands, holding ourselves aloof from the people, and indulging freely in ignorant criticism, let us endeavour to redeem the character of the British traveller, by entering into the life of the places in which we sojourn, and gaining some true knowledge of foreigners, learn to be more in sympathy with them.

It is the case that easy means of travel have done much to break down our stupid insular pride; and in the present day we should be shocked and surprised to hear an eminent man of learning agree, as Dr. Johnson is said to have agreed, to the remark that "*Foreigners are fools.*"—S. V.

A Passion for
Duty.

With what quality would we endow our dearest friend (were that possible) as his best equipment for the journey of life? A naturally buoyant disposition that casts off care! Warm and

ready sympathy which is the basis of tact! Wisdom that is acute to see advantage, or promptness of resolution to act upon it! All these are good, but there is something better, and I think it is strong devotion to duty, which indeed cannot exist apart from a fine sense of duty. He that has this passion is not likely, indeed, to be led over flowery paths; nay, it may conduct him to the lowest depth of misery as regards the things that do appear, but what an excellent reward is in the gift of its object!

"Nor know we anything so sweet," says Wordsworth, "as is the smile upon thy face." When Old Honest came to the river, it was like to have gone hard with him, but in his lifetime he "had spoken to one Good-Conscience to meet him there, the which he did, and lent him his hand, and so helped him over."—J. H.

Two Poetical
Fantasies.

The art of arousing human sympathy for creations that exist only in a world of fantasy is a gift so rare that I venture to think only two writers have successfully exhibited it. The men and women who live in poetry and romance have a life like our own; we measure them by ourselves, and so strong is their vitality that we could not know them better, perhaps not so well, had we met them in the streets, and conversed with them in society. Shakespeare's exquisite fancy is seen in his Ariels and Titianias, his Pucks and Oberons, but only the Baron de la Motte Fouqué and Matthew Arnold have known how to make us sympathise with the sorrows of water spirits. In all literature there are few conceptions more original or more beautiful than that of Undine, the lovely being, who, in her foster parents' cottage, lived a life of sportive gaiety, and played mad tricks like her relatives beneath the water. Then a human lover and husband changed her wayward nature. By her marriage she gained a soul, and with it all the tenderness, the passion, and the sensibility to sorrow felt by a true woman. A new translation of this lovely story has been lately made by Mr. Gosse, but properly to feel its charm it must be read in the original, for, like the work of a great lyric poet, it has a unique beauty and fragrance which cannot be transferred to a foreign tongue.

The witchery of Mr. Arnold's "Forsaken Merman" has been felt by many readers. Do

not we all pity the tender-hearted Merman when his wife Margaret, fearing for her soul's health, leaves him at the call of the far-off bell?

"She said, 'I must go, for my kinsfolk pray
In the little grey church on the shore to-day.
'Twill be Easter-time in the world—ah me!
And I lose my poor soul, Merman, here with thee.'
I said: 'Go up, dear heart, through the waves,
Say thy prayer and come back to the kind sea-caves.'
She smiled, she went up through the surf in the bay.
Children dear, was it yesterday?"

And who does not remember how the Merman, after waiting longingly for her return, goes in search of her with his children, whose "voices should be dear to a mother's ear," and how they climb on the graves by the church wall to look for the loved one through the small leaded panes:

"She sat by the pillar; we saw her clear:
'Margaret, hie! come quick, we are here!
Dear heart,' I said, 'we are all alone,
The sea grows stormy, the little ones moan.'
But, ah! she gave me never a look—
For her eyes were sealed to the Holy Book."

And so he thinks it vain even for the children to call any more.

Yet the Merman knows full well that while singing over her spinning-wheel in the town, the shuttle will sometimes fall from the mother's hands, and that looking out of the window over the sand at the sea she will sigh and drop a tear:

"From a sorrow-clouded eye,
And a heart sorrow-laden,
A long, long sigh;
For the cold, strange eyes o. a little Mermaid,
And the gleam of her golden hair."

Between the two representations by Fouqué and by Matthew Arnold, it would be idle to attempt a comparison. Undine's character, which Coleridge said presented to his imagination "an absolutely new idea," is developed at length, and with a thousand delicate touches; "The Forsaken Merman" is portrayed in less than a hundred and fifty lines, but in the poem, as in the prose story, the same consummate art awakens sympathy, and in the case of Undine something like affection for creatures that are, in reality, as fantastical as Shakespeare's fairies. J. D.

ONE OF NELSON'S CAPTAINS.

"THE GALLANT AND GOOD RIOU."

THIS is a true story of one of Nelson's captains, he of whom Nelson wrote as "the gallant and good Riou"—high meed of praise gloriously won at Copenhagen—but Riou, eleven years before that day, performed a deed, now almost forgotten, which, for unselfish heroism, ranks among the brightest in our brilliant sea story.

In September 1789 the *Guardian*, a forty-gun ship, under the command of Riou, then a lieutenant, left England for the one-year-old penal settlement in New South Wales. The little colony was in sore need of food—almost starving in fact—and Riou's orders were to make all haste to his destination, calling at the Cape on the way to embark live stock and other supplies. All the ship's guns had been removed to make room for the stores, which included a "plant cabin"—a temporary compartment built on deck for the purpose of conveying to Sydney, in pots of earth, trees and plants selected by Sir Joseph Banks as likely to be useful to the young colony, making her deck "a complete garden," says a newspaper of the time. Friends of the officers stationed in New South Wales sent on board the *Guardian* great quantities of private goods, and these were stored in the gun room, which it was thought would be a safer place than the hold, but, as the event proved, it was the most insecure.

The ship arrived at the Cape of Good Hope in November, and there filled her decks with cattle and provisions, then sailed again, her cargo being equal in value to about £70,000. On December 23—twelve days after leaving the Cape—what is described as "an island of ice" was seen. Riou gave orders to stand towards it in order to renew, by collecting lumps of ice, the supply of water, the stock of fresh water having run very low in consequence of the quantity consumed by the cattle.

The "Public Advertiser" of April 30, 1790, describes what now happened. As the ship approached the island, the boats were hoisted out and manned, and several lumps collected. During this time the ship lay to, and on the ice being brought on board she attempted to stand away. Very little apprehension was at this time entertained of her safety, although the enormous bulk of the island occasioned an unfavourable current, and in some measure gave a partial direction to the wind. On a sudden, the base of the island, which projected under water considerably beyond the limits of the visible parts, struck the bow of the ship; she instantly swung round, and her head cleared, but her stern, coming on the shoal, struck repeatedly, and the sea being

very heavy, her rudder broke away, and all her works abaft were shivered. The ship in this situation became, in a degree, embayed under the terrific bulk of ice, for its height was twice that of the mainmast of a ship of the line, and the prominent head of the berg was every moment expected to break away and overwhelm the ship. At length, after every practicable exertion, she was got off the shoal, and the ice floated past her. It was soon perceived that the ship had six feet of water in her hold, and it was increasing very fast. The hands were set to the pumps, others to find out the leaks, and they occasionally relieved each other. Thus they continued labouring unceasingly on the 24th, although on the 23rd not one of them had the least rest. The ship was at one period so much relieved that she had only two feet of water in the hold; but at this time, when their distress wore the best aspect, the water increased in a moment to ten feet. Then the ship was discovered to be strained in all her works, and the sea running high, every endeavour to check the progress of a particular leak proved ineffectual. To lighten the ship, the cows, horses, sheep, and all the other live stock for the colony were, with their fodder, committed to the deep to perish.

John Williams, boatswain of the *Guardian*, wrote to his agents in London, and told them about the disaster, and although we have no doubt he was handier with the marlin spike than with his pen, some of his badly spelled letter reads well:

"This axident happened on the 23rd of December, and on the 25th the boats left us with moast of the officers and a great part of the seamen. The master-gunner, purser, one master's mate, one midshipman, and a parson, with nine seamen, was got into the longboat and cleared the ship. The doctor and four or five men got into a cutter and was upset close to the ship, and all of them was drowned. As for the rest of the boats, I believe they must be lost and all in them perished, for wee was about six hundred leagues from any land. There was about fifty-six men missing; a number drowned jumping into the boats; the sea ran so high that the boats could scarce live. The commander had a strong resolution, for he said he would soner go down in the ship than he wold quid her. All the officers left in the ship was the commander, the carpenter, one midshipman, and myself. After the boats left us we had two chances—either to jump or sink. We cold just get into the sailroom and got up a new forecourse and stuck itt full of oakum and rags, and put itt under the ship's bottom; this is called fothering the ship. We found some benefit by itt, for pumping and bailing we gained on hur; that gave us a little hope of saving our lives. We was in this terable situation for nine weeks before we got to the Cape of Good Hope. Sometimes our upper-deck scuppers was under water outside, and the ship lying like a log on the water, and the sea breaking over her as if she was a rock. Sixteen foot of water was the common run for the nine weeks in the hold. I am not certain what we are to doo with the ship as yet. We have

got moast of our cargo out; it is all dammaged but the beef and pork, which is in good order. I have lost a great dele of my cloaths, and I am thinking of drawing of about six pound, wich I think I can make shift with. If this axident had not haped I shold not have had aney call for aney. As for my stores, there is a great part of them thrown overboard; likewise all the officers' stores in the ship is gone the same way, for evry thing that came to hand was thrown overboard to lighten the ship. I think that we must wait till ordars comes from England to know what we are to do with the ship."

The chronicles of the time also relate how at daylight on Christmas morning, when the water was reported as being up to the orlop deck and gaining two feet an hour, many of the people desponded and gave themselves up for lost. A part of those who had got any strength left, seeing that their utmost efforts to save the ship were likely to be in vain, applied to the officers for the boats, which were promised to be got in readiness for them, and the boatswain was directly ordered to put the masts, sails, and compass in each. The cooper was also set to work to fill a few quarter-casks of water out of some of the butts on deck, and provisions and other necessaries were got up from the hold.

Many hours previous to this, Lieutenant Riou had privately declared to his officers that he saw the final loss of the ship was inevitable, and he could not help regretting the loss of so many brave fellows. "As for me," said he, "I have determined to remain in the ship, and shall endeavour to make my presence useful as long as there is any occasion for it." He was entreated, and even supplicated, to give up this fatal resolution, and try for safety in the boats. It was even hinted to him how highly criminal it was to persevere in such a determination; but he was not to be moved by any entreaties. He was, notwithstanding, as active in providing for the safety of the boats as if he intended to take the opportunity of securing his own escape. He was throughout as calm and collected as in the happier moments of his life.

At seven o'clock she had settled considerably abaft, and the water was coming in at the rudder-case in great quantities. At half-past seven the water in the hold obliged the people below to come upon deck; the ship appeared to be in a sinking state, and settling bodily down; it was, therefore, almost immediately agreed to have recourse to the boats. While engaged in consultation on this melancholy business, Riou wrote a letter to the Admiralty, which he delivered to Mr. Clements, the master. It was as follows:

"H.M.S. *Guardian*, Dec. 25, 1789.

"If any part of the officers or crew of the *Guardian* should ever survive to get home, I have only to say their conduct, after the fatal stroke against an island of ice, was admirable and wonderful in everything that relates to their duty, considered either as private men, or in his Majesty's service. As there seems to be no possibility of my remaining many hours in this world, I beg leave to recommend to the consideration of the Admiralty a sister, who, if my conduct or service should be found deserving any memory, their favour might be shown to, together with a widowed mother.

"I am, etc.,

"Phil. Stephens, Esq."

"E. RIOU.

With the utmost difficulty the boats were launched. After they were got afloat and had cleared the ship, with the exception of the launch they were never afterwards heard of; the launch with nine survivors was picked up by a passing vessel ten days after she left the wreck, her people reduced to the last extremity for want of food and water.

Among the survivors was the parson mentioned by the boatswain. This was the Rev. Mr. Crowther, who was on his way as a missionary to the penal settlement. The Rev. John Newton of Olney (poet Cowper's Newton) had got Crowther the appointment, at "eight shillings per diem, of assistant chaplain of the settlement," and Newton, writing to the Rev. R. Johnson, chaplain of Sydney, tells how he heard of the loss of the *Guardian*, "and the very next morning Mr. Crowther knocked at my door himself." Then Mr. Newton writes a letter which shows that Mr. Crowther had had enough of the sea. "It is not a service for mere flesh and blood to undertake. A man without that apostolic spirit and peculiar call which the Lord alone can give would hardly be able to maintain his ground. Mr. Crowther, though a sincere, humble, good man, seems not to have had those qualifications, and therefore he has been partly intimidated by what he met with abroad, and partly influenced by nearer personal considerations at home, to stay with us and sleep in a whole skin." But after his experience it was not to be wondered at that he preferred to stay at home and sleep in a whole skin.

Meanwhile Riou, in spite of a ship without a rudder, and with the water in her up to the orlop deck, succeeded, as the boatswain's letter shows, after a voyage of nine weeks, in bringing his command to the Cape. A letter from Capetown, written on March 1, 1790, tells us she arrived there "eight days ago in a situation not to be credited without ocular proofs. She had, I think, nine feet water in her when she anchored. The lower gun-deck served as a second bottom; it was stowed with a very great weight equally fore and aft. To this, and to the uncommon strength of it, Captain Riou ascribes his safety. Seeing an English ship with a signal of distress, four of us went on board, scarcely hoping but with busy fancy still pointing her out to be the *Guardian*, and, to our inexpressible joy, we found it was her. We stood in silent admiration of her heroic commander (whose supposed fate had drawn tears from us before), shining through the rags of the meanest sailor. The fortitude of this man is a glorious example for British officers to emulate. Since that time we have gone on board again to see him. He is affable in his manners, and of most commanding presence; add to that, a fine manly figure, of about twenty-eight, which I suppose his age to be. Perhaps we, under the influence of that attraction which great sufferings always produce, may, in the enthusiasm of our commendation, be too lavish in his praise; were it not for

this fear I would at once pronounce him the most God-like mortal I ever viewed. They were two months from the time the accident happened until they reached this place. Every man shared alike in the labour; and not having at all attended to their persons during the whole of that dismal period they looked like men of another world—long beards, dirt, and rags covered them. Mr. Riou got one of his hands crushed and one of his legs hurt, but all are getting well. None of his people died during their fatigues. He says his principal attention was to keep up their spirits and to watch over their health. He never allowed himself to hope until the day before he got in here, when he made the land. Destitute of that support, how superior must his fortitude be! He had this morning, for the first time, come on shore, having been employed getting stores, etc., out to lighten the ship. He wavers what to do with her—whether to put Government to the expense of repairing her here (which would almost equal her first cost, perhaps exceed it) or burn her. Most likely the last will be resolved on."

The ship was in such a state that she was condemned by the experts at the Cape, but Riou, bearing in mind the distressed state of the colony of New South Wales, did not rest until he had sent on in other vessels all the stores he could collect.

Neither did he forget the behaviour of certain convicts. In a letter to the Admiralty he wrote: "Permit me, sir, to address you on a subject which I hope their Lordships will not consider to be unworthy their notice. It is to recommend as much as is in my power to their Lordships' favour and interest the case of the twenty convicts which my duty compelled me to send to Port Jackson. But the recollection of past sufferings reminds me of that time when I found it necessary to make use of every possible method to encourage the minds of the people under my command, and at such time, considering how great the difference might be between a free man struggling for life and him who perhaps might consider death as not much superior to a life of ignominy and disgrace, I publicly declared that not one of them, so far as depended on myself, should ever be convicts. And I may with undeniable truth say that, had it not been for their assistance and support, the *Guardian* would never have arrived to where she is. Their conduct prior to the melancholy accident that happened on December 23 last was always such as may be commended, and from their first entrance into the ship at Spithead they ever assisted and did their duty in like manner as the crew. I have taken the

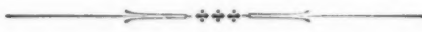
liberty to recommend them to the notice of Governor Phillip; but I humbly hope, sir, their Lordships will consider the service done by these men as meriting their Lordships' favour and protection, and I make no doubt that should I have been so fortunate as to represent this in proper colours, that they will experience the benefit of their Lordships' interest."

The prisoners were pardoned, and the Secretary of the Admiralty wrote to Riou:

"I have their Lordships' commands to acquaint you that their concern on the receipt of the melancholy contents of the first-mentioned letter could only be exceeded by the satisfaction they received from the account of your miraculous escape, which they attribute to your skilful and judicious exertions under the favour of Divine Providence. . . . Their Lordships have communicated to Mr. Secretary Grenville, for his Majesty's information, your recommendation of the surviving convicts whose conduct, as it has so deservedly met with your approbation, will, there is every reason to hope, entitle them to his Majesty's clemency."

When Riou returned to England he was promoted to post captain's rank, and at Copenhagen, in 1801, he commanded the *Amazon*. Perhaps we may be forgiven for reprinting from Southey's "Nelson" an account of what he did there. "The signal" (that famous one which Nelson looked at with his blind eye), "the signal, however, saved Riou's little squadron, but did not save its heroic leader. The squadron, which was nearest the commander-in-chief, obeyed and hauled off. It had suffered severely in its most unequal contest. For a long time the *Amazon* had been firing enveloped in smoke, when Riou desired his men to stand fast, and let the smoke clear off, that they might see what they were about. A fatal order, for the Danes then got clear sight of her from the batteries, and pointed their guns with such tremendous effect that nothing but the signal for retreat saved this frigate from destruction. 'What will Nelson think of us!' was Riou's mournful exclamation when he unwillingly drew off. He had been wounded in the head by a splinter, and was sitting on a gun, encouraging his men, when, just as the *Amazon* showed her stern to the Trekroner Battery, his clerk was killed by his side, and another shot swept away several marines who were hauling in the main-brace. 'Come, then, my boys!' cried Riou, 'let us die all together!' The words had scarcely been uttered before a raking shot cut him in two. Except it had been Nelson himself, the British Navy could not have suffered a severer loss."

WALTER JEFFERY.



Science and Discovery.

WINTER REFUGES IN GREAT BRITAIN.

An authoritative and disinterested statement as to the parts of the British Islands which offer the best winter refuges to invalids from the rigour of the season is given by Dr. Alexander Buchan in the latest number of the "Journal of the Scottish Meteorological Society," his conclusions being based upon observations recorded all over the kingdom during the forty years ending December 1895. The observations show that "where a winter climate is sought, offering, in the highest degree anywhere afforded by the British Islands, the combined qualities of mildness and dryness, such a climate is to be found on the shores of the Channel, from about Dover to Portland. To the west of Portland, and round the coast to Clifton, a higher temperature may be had, but the rainfall is greater, the climate damper, and raw weather of more frequent occurrence. On the other hand, in the eastern counties north of the Thames the climate is as dry, or rather drier, but it is accompanied by a temperature from two degrees to three degrees colder." The south coast has also the advantage that the skies are clearer and brighter than in the valley of the Thames. Another fact which should be taken into consideration in selecting a winter health resort, is that in severe winters, such as those of 1881 and 1895, the cold is not nearly so intense upon the south and west coasts as it is at most inland places. This great advantage of seacoast localities, Dr. Buchan points out, is better appreciated if the fact is kept in mind that a great, and in many cases alarming, increase in the mortality from throat diseases accompanies severe cold in winter; and it is noted that this advantage is enjoyed to a greater degree on the west coast in localities which are well open to the Atlantic, than on the south coast, which the comparatively narrow waters of the Channel less effectually protect.

DIGGING BY MACHINERY.

The advantages of digging over ploughing land are very generally admitted by agriculturists. The only consideration which has hitherto caused ploughing to be so generally adopted is the expense of digging as carried out up to the present by manual labour. What appears to be a satisfactory digging machine has, however, now been produced, and it promises to be a formidable rival to the plough. Our illustration shows

this digging machine as it is at present constructed. The revolving screw digger is a simple triangular implement attached to the rear of an ordinary traction engine; it is supported on its own wheel and rises and falls independently of the engine, so that it adapts itself to the inequalities of the surface of the soil. The hydraulic cylinder, shown in the illustration, provides a simple and efficient means of lifting and adjusting the depths of the digging tools in the soil. All the working parts being rotary, the machine is quiet in



A DIGGING MACHINE.

working, and the wear is reduced to a minimum. The gearing is all covered in and thus rendered free from dust and dirt.

A FOSSIL DRAGON.

The Rector of Stockton, in Warwickshire, has had very gratifying evidence of the good results attending his efforts to make the quarrymen of his district appreciate the value of fossil remains. For some time past a fine collection of fossils has been made from the three quarries in the neighbourhood. But the rector has never ceased to impress on the quarrymen the likelihood of the discovery of a complete skeleton of one of the reptilian forms which abounded in the seas of the age during which these strata, known as Lower Lias, were being deposited. The men have been urged, whenever they should unearth bones of any kind, to cease digging and call the fore-

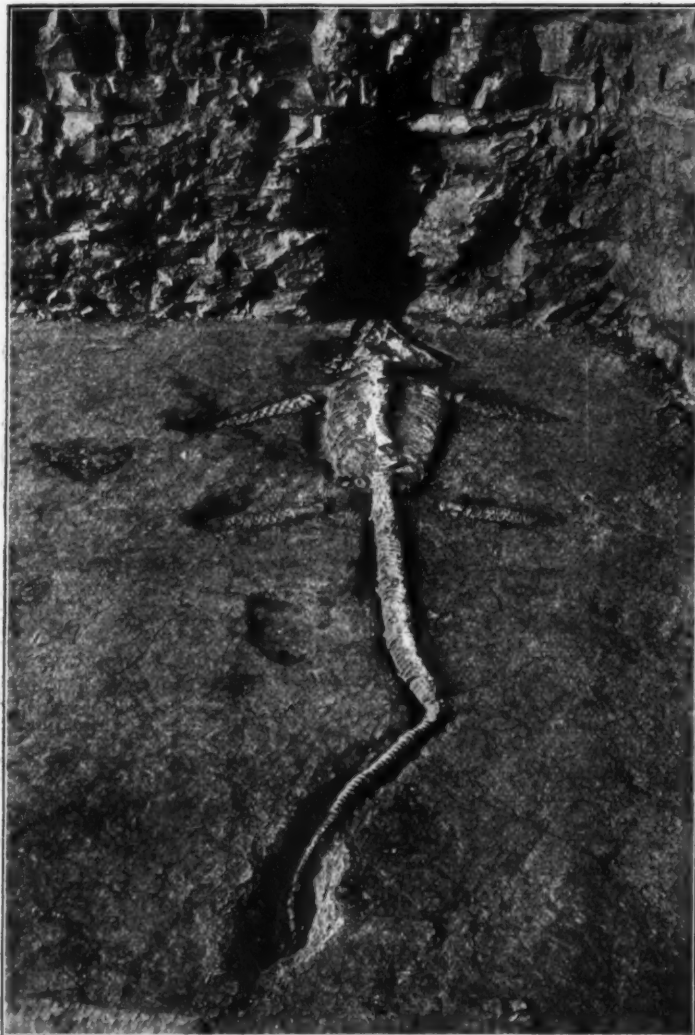
man, so that every care could be taken to secure the skeleton in as complete a state as possible. These instructions have been followed out and the rector's prediction has been verified, for a splendid specimen of an Ichthyosaur, or fish-like reptile, has been recently exposed in a wonderful state of preservation. It occurs 45 ft. below the surface and is 20 ft. long. The head measures 2 ft. across and is 3 ft. 10 in. in length. The

column have been displaced. We understand that this unique specimen is to be presented to the British Museum (Natural History) by the owner of the quarry, Mr. Lakin, of Leamington.

PROPHETIC SCIENCE.

In his Presidential address to the British Association meeting held at Bristol, Sir William Crookes dwelt

at great length on the question of the food supply of the world. He showed that England and all civilised nations stand in peril of not having enough to eat. His argument may be thus expressed: Land is a limited quantity, and the land that will grow wheat is absolutely dependent on difficult and capricious natural phenomena. Our wheat-producing soil is totally unequal to the strain put upon it, and it is the chemist who must come to the rescue of the threatened communities. Since 1871 the consumption per head of wheat, including seed, has slowly increased in the United Kingdom to the present amount of 6 bushels per annum; while the rate of consumption for seed and food by the whole world of bread-eaters is at the present time 4½ bushels a year. Should all the wheat-growing countries add to their area to the utmost capacity, the yield would give us just enough to supply the increase of population among bread-eaters till the year 1931. The question therefore arises, What is to happen if the present rate of population be maintained, and if arable areas of sufficient extent cannot be adapted and made contributory to the subsistence of so great a host? and Sir William Crookes says the answer is starvation, unless it can be averted through the laboratory. Before we are in the grip of actual dearth the chemist, Sir William Crookes assures us, will step in and postpone the day of famine to so distant a period that we, and our sons and grandsons, may legitimately



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FOSSIL OF ICHTHYOSAUR EXPOSED AT STOCKTON, WARWICKSHIRE. PHOTOGRAPHED BY MESSRS. H. ELKINGTON AND SON, BROADWELL HOUSE, NEAR RUGBY.

paddles are of unusual distinctness, the front pair measure 2 ft. 6 in. and the hind pair 1 ft. 8 in. in length. The pelvic or hip girdle is at present missing, though it is hoped that a search among the rock fragments which were removed before the discovery was made will make the completion of the skeleton possible. An inspection of our illustration, which is from a photograph by Messrs. H. Elkington & Co., shows that there is an abrupt curve in the animal's long tail, and that some of the constituent bones in the spinal

live without undue solicitude for the future. Around us everywhere there is, in the atmosphere, a vast store of the gas called nitrogen, which, in suitable chemical combination, is absolutely essential to our continued life. The nitrogen necessary for our wants is at present provided by wheat. The problem awaiting the chemist is the cheap utilisation of atmospheric nitrogen. Experiments of Sir William Crookes and Lord Rayleigh have indicated the lines along which the problem will be solved, and

calculation has made it abundantly clear that a store of energy which can be utilised in the work of conversion is ready to hand in the mighty falls of Niagara, which alone could supply all that is necessary with but little diminution of its gigantic force.

Towards the end of his interesting address, Sir William referred to his discovery of another new element, named by him monium, which he finds has a strongly marked individuality, and is ready to enter into any number of chemical alliances. But his researches on monium are not yet complete, and a fuller account of this latest addition to the table of terrestrial elements is promised.

A NEW POTATO DISEASE.

Professor Marshall Ward has been investigating what he believes is a new potato disease. Plants which are suffering from it exhibit several well-marked symptoms. The shoots turn yellow and die prematurely during the summer, before the tubers, or the part of the plant used for food, are anything like full. The roots are small in number, and poor, and soon rot away. The tubers are few, do not mature, and often rot in the ground. The leaves turn yellow and wither on the stems, and often remain long hanging on the yellowing, glassy-looking, but still living stems. Professor Ward is of opinion that this disease is not, as many have alleged, due to bacteria, but to a fungus which invades the potato plant. It is more than possible that the inroads of the fungus pave the way for the subsequent intrusion of bacteria, which also exert a deleterious influence, but these are not the prime cause of the mischief. The fungus in question, when once it gets possession of the potato plant, leads a dormant life during the early part of the winter, but gradually invades the new sprouts as they slowly appear in the early spring. It is evident that the efforts of the potato-grower must be directed to the selection of sound specimens for setting, and to the careful preparation of his ground.

THE HUMAN EAR AS A MEANS OF IDENTIFICATION.

That there is something distinctive about the thumb-print of every individual is, since the researches of Mr. Francis Galton and others, very generally recognised. It has now been established by Miss M. A. Ellis that certain peculiarities in the shape of the ear distinguish each human being from all his fellows. Such characteristic features are most marked in the outer rim and in the general shape of the whole outer ear. Though human ears may enlarge slightly after middle life, they do not change shape after childhood. It is possible to catalogue the great varieties of form in the outer rim of the ear into five divisions—viz. (1) from the neck of the ear to the top; (2) the top; (3) the turn; (4) the slope halfway to the lobe; (5) the rest of the slope to the lobe. But two or three of these divisions only are generally all that occur in the same ear. The right and left of each pair of ears usually vary in shape. The most distinctive features are found in the upper half of the left ear and the lower half of the right ear. For reasons which

seem rather difficult to make out, the ears of educated people appear to show a greater variety of form and to be more easily identified than those of the great mass of the working classes.

ARTIFICIAL PERFUMES.

In the artificial production of natural products the chemist every day becomes more and more expert. The manufacture of artificial sweetening compounds, which make an admirable substitute for sugar, and of colouring matters, which in their beauty compete with the tints of nature, is now familiar to most of the reading public. Of late great advances have been made in the work of building-up in the laboratory compounds with an odour characteristic of the various delicately perfumed flowers which are so much in request. Artificial musk has been known for a long time, but the chemist is now able to produce the scents of the heliotrope, the violet, the lilac, the hawthorn, new mown hay, and many others equally popular, without any appeal to the plants themselves. Such chemical operations have indeed developed into an industry, and the various compounds are manufactured in quantities for toilet soaps and for essences named after the flowers. Moreover, such scents from the chemist's laboratory last much longer than the natural perfumes. At the same time, people who are in the habit of dealing with delicate scents have no difficulty in distinguishing between the natural and artificial products. There is even yet a subtle delicacy about Nature's work which the man of science is quite unable to reproduce.

SUBSTANCES WHICH ABSORB SCENTS.

The power of different substances to absorb various scents from the air has recently been investigated by Professor W. E. Ayrton. Lard, it is well known, is used to absorb the perfume from flowers in the commercial manufacture of scents, perhaps because it has little odour of its own, and because the scent can be easily distilled from it. But when lard, wool, linen, blotting-paper, silk, etc., were shut up for some hours in a box at equal distances from jasmine flowers, dried woodruff leaves, or from a solution of ammonia, Professor Ayrton found that it was not the lard, but the blotting-paper, that smelled most strongly when the articles were removed from the box. On the other hand, when solid natural musk was employed, only the wool acquired much smell, even after the box had been shut up for days. Another noteworthy result of the experiments is that grains of natural musk lose their fragrance at a comparatively rapid rate when exposed to the air. The popular statement that a grain of musk will scent a room for years is not, therefore, supported by laboratory experience. In the course of his experiments, Professor Ayrton had great difficulty in removing the traces of the smell of rose leaves from the glass vessels in which the leaves had been contained. He found, in fact, as Moore put it—

"You may break, you may shatter the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will cling to it still."

R. A. GREGORY, F.R.A.S.

Over-Sea Notes.

English Graves
at Arcachon.

To say that England's dead lie in every part of the world would be simply to state a commonplace, unpardonable in prose, seeing that it has been expressed in very poetic form by Mrs. Hemans and with a charm familiar to all English-speaking people. There is, however, an aspect of the same truth which must have forced itself upon the minds of a great many travellers, but which, perhaps, has not been sufficiently thrown into relief—namely, the character of the race that is impressed upon English tombs even when these lie in the midst of the alien dead far from British shores. In France this is especially remarkable. In the cemetery, where there is no more rivalry, the character of the French and Anglo-Saxon races still stands out distinctively and presents the sharpest contrast. I have observed it in the Paris cemeteries, notably at Père Lachaise, but nowhere has it been brought home to me more forcibly than at Arcachon. Picture two or three acres of whitish-yellow sand on the slope of a dune shut off from the rest of the world by a circle of dark pines, in whose crests the wind now murmurs softly or roars in fury; in fact, a little clearing just within the fringe of the great forest of maritime pines now clothing the once shifting sandhills which stretch from the mouth of the Gironde very nearly to Bayonne, a distance of about one hundred miles: this is the cemetery of Arcachon. The sea can be heard, for it is only about half a mile away, but it is completely hidden by the dunes and the pines. No grassiness of the English churchyard here; the white tombstones gleam but a little whiter than the sand in which they stand in the great blaze of southern sunlight. Small attempt is made at flower culture even where there are grave-gardens, except in spring when the soil is able to hold a little moisture; but the effect even then is weak compared to the show of white blossom which in May covers the low cistus bushes on the dunes. But although there is such a dearth of natural vegetation, there is a profusion of artificial leaves and flowers worked in metal and beads of various colours lying upon the tombs or hanging to them by wires. These metallic and glass-bead devices—wreaths, crosses, hearts, etc.—are to be seen everywhere in French cemeteries. They have almost superseded everlasting flowers, because they are found to be more lasting than these. It is quite evident that the incongruity of such counterfeits of natural emblems when so employed does not strike the French mind. English taste or sense of the fitness of things instinctively revolts at the idea of placing artificial flowers upon a tomb. The beauty of peace and simplicity, equally free from gloom and gaudiness, from coldness and pretentious emotionalism, is what the Anglo-Saxon race associates ideally with the grave. Strangely

enough this feeling works out at Arcachon, notwithstanding all the material drawbacks; in a corner of the sandy cemetery where there is a little colony of the British dead. Saving that the cypress takes the place of the yew, and that flowers are scarce, these graves by the Bay of Biscay are very much what others might be in an English country churchyard. Both here and there the sentiment is the same, although the means employed are different. The bit of desert has not been made to bloom, but its harshness has been subdued and brought into harmony with the ideas of the northern people. There is enough verdure and shade for the eye to find repose from the glare of sand and freestone, and from the triviality of metallic flowers and stringed beads. The tombs are plain and simple, showing no tendency to soar to an imposing height or to take the form of chapels, like so many others in their vicinity. They are mostly bordered by ivy, and some are much overgrown by it. Above all, there is the shadowy quietude to strike the note of English sentiment. Thus where there is so little in nature to recall England, we find the national character asserting itself like unerring instinct in the midst of foreign influences. On reading the English inscriptions upon the tombstones one is struck by the youthfulness of most of those who were buried in these southern sands, with the ocean on one side and the immense forest on the other—both symbols of the infinite. But it is needless to inquire how these young lives from the northern isles came to perish among the pines of Aquitaine. When one thinks of all the sufferers from consumption who have been drawn to Arcachon by the fame of the sheltering and balsamic forest, the wonder is that the sand covers so few of them.—E. HARRISON BARKER.

The
Nicaraguan
and Panama
Canals.

New importance attaches to the Nicaragua Canal project now that the United States have possessions in the Far East, and are seeking to rank as a world power. For several years there has been a scheme before Congress for the building of a canal—a scheme which involves a large use of the financial credit of the United States. What the promoters desire is that the Government at Washington shall guarantee their bonds; and the Government has gone so far as to send a commission of engineering experts to report on the practicability of the canal. Rear-Admiral Walker, of the United States Navy, is president of the commission. Surveying parties, including about 250 men, all in the pay of the Commission, were at work on the proposed route last summer and autumn, and it is known that a report will be received from the Commission before the Congressional session of 1898-9 comes to an end. Already Admiral Walker

has anticipated the report of the Commission by a statement that the project will be shown to be entirely practicable and worthy of execution. Great interest will attach to the official report, and the action of Congress in regard to it, although the Nicaragua Canal scheme is only one of many which will come before Congress as the result of the new territorial possessions of the United States. In connection with these schemes, it may be interesting to add that for some months past work has been proceeding on the Panama Canal. Four thousand men are at work on the isthmus, and the second Panama Company is as sanguine as ever that all difficulties will be overcome and the canal finally constructed.

Vampires.

In Southern and Eastern Russia one of the best known enemies of mankind is the vampire, a sort of ghost or disembodied person, which sucks the blood of the living. The children are terrified into quietness by blood-curdling threats that the "wampir" is coming. In a recent publication, Professor Jaworski, the famous folklorist, discusses this superstition. Every village, almost every house in Southern Russia, knows about a certain vampire which has appeared to its inhabitants. Vampires may be born from human parents in a variety of ways. For example, if a woman shortly before the birth of her child happens to look at the face of a priest in his procession round the altar, the child will be a vampire after its death. Or if a human being permits himself to be persuaded into some crime by a vampire, he also becomes a vampire. Vampires leave their graves between midnight and cockcrow to suck the blood of their victims, and when anyone is found dead in his bed his death is usually attributed to a visit from a vampire during the night.

Italy increasing in Area. Professor Marinelli, the eminent Italian geographer, has been investigating the areal increase of his country in the Po delta. It has been known for a long time that the stream of the famous Italian river has been

pushing alluvial deposits into the Adriatic, but that this has been on so extensive a scale as the Professor now demonstrates was unknown. In 1893 Marinelli made his first measurements, comparing them with an Austrian map of the year 1823. In these seventy years nearly four hundred square miles of territory were added to Italy, or one sixth-hundredth part of its entire area. Marinelli has also reckoned how long it will take before the Adriatic is filled up with the siltings of the Po. None of us, however, will live to see dry land between Italy and the Dalmatian coast, as one hundred centuries will be required to fill up this gigantic trough.

The Russian Censor.

In Russia, as is well known, freedom of the press, as we understand it, does not exist. Except in two or three of the larger cities, no newspaper is permitted to go to press without having first submitted its copy to the Censor, or, in the absence of an official of that department, to the local police authorities. What he allows to pass may be printed, but nothing else. It often happens that newspaper proprietors and editors in Russia are instructed from headquarters as to certain subjects of public interest and the attitude their journals are to assume towards these. But more frequently announcements are made to the newspapers as to the subjects the discussion of which they are to avoid. A correspondent has been making a collection of these prohibited subjects, among which we find the following: (1) Prohibition to discuss the draft of a treaty of commerce between Germany and Russia; (2) order not to mention the private financial transactions of a certain police official accused of swindling; (3) instructions to suppress all news about the murder of a certain Madame Boldireff in Persia; (4) prohibition to discuss outbreak of cholera in a certain region; (5) instructions to suppress all news about the health of the Tsar in newspapers circulated in the Crimea, where the Tsar has been residing; (6) prohibition to discuss Count Tolstoy's tract on the death of the peasant Droskin who refused military service.

Varieties.

A Penny-in-the-Slot Machine of 1594.

The following extract is from volume the sixth, page 192, of "The History of India as told by its own Historians," by Sir H. M. Elliot, K.C.B., and Professor J. Dowson, M.R.A.S. (London: Trübner & Co., 1867-1877, 8 vols., 8vo.).

The words copied are a translation from the *Zubdatu-t-Tawarikh* of Shaikh Nuru-I Hakk, and the king to whom the machine was submitted was the famous Mughal Emperor Akbar, who reigned over Hindustan from 1556 to 1605, and who deserves our respect for his tolerance of the Christian faith in his

vast dominions. The year given in the extract corresponds to A.D. 1594.

"CURIOUS WORK OF ART.

"One of the wonders of art which was exhibited during this year (Hijri 1003) was the work of Saiyid Husain Shifrazî. He used to stand with a box in his hand, and when any one gave him a rupee¹ he threw it into the box, and it kept on rolling until it fell to the bottom. Upon this, a parrot which was

¹ A silver coin like the English florin, now worth about one shilling and fourpence.

chained to it began to speak, and two fowls began also to cackle at one another. Then a small window opened, at which a panther put out its head and let a shell fall from its mouth into a dish which was placed on a lion's head, and the shell then came out of the lion's mouth. A short time elapsed when another window opened, and another lion came forth, took the shell in its mouth and retired, and the windows again closed. Two elephants then appeared, with perfect trunks, and there were also two figures of men who sounded drums. A rope then thrust itself forward, and again retreated of its own accord. Two other men then advanced and made obeisance. Shortly after another window opened, and a puppet came forth with an ode of Háfiz in its hand, and when the ode was taken away from the puppet it retired and the window was closed. In short, whenever a piece of money was placed in the hands of Husain Shírazí, all these marvels were exhibited. The king first gave a gold mohur with his own hand, and witnessed the sight. He then ordered his attendants to give a rupee each. The odes which were presented were given by the king to Nakíb Khán, by whom they were read out. This exhibition lasted for several nights."

A strange point is that the machine worked either with a silver rupee or a gold mohur, coins of very different weight. This I cannot explain, but have no doubt of the substantial accuracy of the narrative. I have been unable to ascertain where the exhibition took place, but it may have been at Lahore.—W. SANDFORD.

Not daunted by the too probable fate of M. André, the arctic balloon navigator, three French officers are making preparations for a balloon expedition across the Sahara. The scheme is certainly one to captivate the imagination of adventurous men, and as there appears to be a fair prospect of success attending it, the explorers, MM. Hourst, Dex, and Dibos, have received encouragement from French ministers and scientific bodies both in France and in other countries. It is proposed to carry the balloon and *impedimenta* to Cables, in Tunis, and to await there a steady North or North-easterly wind before starting. When they have reached Rhadames the explorers reckon that they will fall in with the Trade wind, which will carry them westward either to the Niger or to the Atlantic. The expedition will be under the direction of Lieut. Hourst of the French navy, who has already made a reputation as an explorer. The chief danger to be faced will be the hostility of the savage tribes who roam the Sahara, and who have already given the French so much trouble. No doubt the aeronauts will have an excellent means of keeping out of the reach of these nomads, but balloons are liable to accidents. It is calculated that this one will be able to remain in the air from forty to sixty days.

The Memorial Service at Khartoum. So many a paragraph relating to General Gordon has appeared in these "Varieties" in years past, that we make no apology for including here a reference to the memorial service held in Khartoum, which so

strangely signalised the revival and ascendancy of the policy to which he had given his life. Many of our readers may be glad to have, in the form of a note, Mr. Charles Williams's account as given in the "Daily Chronicle." It was held on the first Sunday morning in the ruins of Gordon's palace, at the foot of the ruined steps where the Governor-General was killed. On the roof of the palace two flagstaves were placed, and on the ground below were guards of honour from all the British corps, and the 11th Soudanese. A special guard on the right consisted of Engineers, Gordon's corps. The German Attaché was present in full white uniform. A crowd of natives looked on as the officers on the roof of the palace began hoisting a large Union flag very slowly, while the National Anthem was played and a Royal salute of twenty-one guns was fired. At the same time the Egyptian flag was slowly hoisted, and the Khedivial hymn played. Three cheers followed for the Queen, and three for the Khedive, while nineteen minute guns boomed in memory of Gordon as Governor-General: then a dead march was played—thirteen years and 221 days after the murder. The Presbyterian Chaplain read the 15th Psalm, and the Anglican Chaplain said a pater-noster, while the Roman Catholic Chaplain read a special memorial prayer. The pipers of the Seaforth Highlanders performed a coronach, and the Soudanese bugles and band played "Abide with me," Gordon's favourite hymn. The senior officers shook hands with the Sirdar, and the parade was over. The ceremony, says Mr. Williams, was most affecting and admirable. It was brought to a close by cheers given at the call of the Sirdar for the Queen-Empress and the Khedive.

We are obliged to our Clapham correspondent for the following interesting letter on this subject: "Sir,—In 'The Leisure Hour' for September, page 745, is a note about the longest fence in the world. Many railway fences *much* exceed in length the rabbit fence in Australia; and the Great Wall of China, which is a fence as well as a rampart, should not be overlooked. However, omitting these, there was, until about fifteen years ago, a fence in India which was much longer than the rabbit fence. It was a customs barrier, erected by the British across the peninsula to prevent smuggling of salt. I am unable to give the length of it, but it could be got from the annual reports of the Indian Salt Department filed at the India Office; the 'Imperial Gazetteer of India' merely mentions the fence as 'a continuous barrier hedge' stretching across the country (vol. vi. p. 453). I believe its length was not much short of one thousand miles. I have seen this fence in various places, but only recollect it distinctly in the Central Provinces, at a point where it passed through the vast, wild, and fever-stricken forest tracts of the district of Nimar; so far as I remember—it is nearly thirty years ago—the fence was about five feet high and two or three broad, being at that spot constructed of dry thorns. Elsewhere it was, I believe, a live fence of cacti and so forth, its materials being varied by locality. It was an impenetrable barrier, being patrolled by the officers of the Salt Department, who

ensured that it was not burnt or hacked down anywhere.

"P.S.—I may mention that I have been a reader of 'The Leisure Hour' since 1857, forty-one years, and am glad to see it so thriving, though I prefer the former illustrations in it to those now given.

"W. SANDFORD."

Astronomical Notes for November. The Sun rises at Greenwich on the 1st day at 6h. 55m. in the morning, and sets at 4h. 32m. in the evening; on the 11th he rises at 7h. 13m., and sets at 4h. 15m.; and on the 21st he rises at 7h. 30m., and sets at 4h. 2m. The Moon enters her Last Quarter at 2h. 28m. on the afternoon of the 6th, becomes New at 21m. past midnight on the 13th, enters her First Quarter at 5h. 5m. on the evening of the 20th, and becomes Full at 4h. 39m. on the evening of the 28th. She is in apogee, or farthest from the earth, about half-past 1 o'clock on the afternoon of the 4th, and in perigee, or nearest us, about half-past 7 on the morning of the 16th. No eclipses are to take place this month, nor any occultations of bright stars by the moon. But we shall pass through the thickest part of the Leonid, or mid-

November meteors, next year, and it is likely that a very considerable number will be seen this year early on the morning of the 15th inst. Also there will probably be a brilliant display of the meteors connected with the defunct comet of Biela, which recurs at intervals of thirteen years, the last time in 1885; their tendency, contrary to that of the other stream, is to appear somewhat earlier, and on this occasion they may be looked for on the evening of the 26th. The planet Mercury may be seen towards the end of the month for a short time after sunset, but very low in the heavens, being near the boundary of the constellations Scorpio and Sagittarius. Venus is brilliant as an evening star in the first part of the month, but will cease to be visible before the end of it, setting nearly at the same time as the Sun; she will be near Mercury on the 19th and 20th. Mars is in the constellation Cancer; he rises now about 10 o'clock in the evening and earlier as the month advances. Jupiter is a morning star, situated in Virgo; he will be near the Moon (then horned and approaching conjunction) on the 12th. Saturn is at present to be seen low in the south-western part of the sky after sunset, but before the end of the month he will set too soon to be visible.—W. T. LYNN.



The Fireside Club.

GREATER BRITAIN ACROSTICS.

I.

1. From Bristol town *he* voyaged forth,
To find new land in the distant North.
2. *Their* kith and kin are we, and are right proud
to be,
Though mayhap we shall fight *them* yet, on land
or sea.
3. We took this fort, the land we keep,
Where the river takes *this* mighty leap.
4. At Ticonderoga,
Fighting, *he* failed,
Death-wounded, in Egypt
Was conqueror hailed.
5. A Yankee hero changed this fort's *old* name,
To celebrate an English statesman's fame.
6. "Happy I die!" our general cried, "The fight is
won!"
These heights were taken and his duty done.

THE WHOLE.

All hail, Dominion of the North!
Where ice-crowned winter chains the rivers' flow,
World-famous now thy new-discovered worth,
Priceless the gold heart 'neath thy frozen snow.

A prize of FIVE SHILLINGS will be awarded for the best brief answer in rhyme to the above acrostic.

SHAKESPEAREAN ACROSTICS.

A prize of TWO GUINEAS is offered to the solver of this series of five acrostics. Winners of last year debarred. The solutions will not be published till April, so that the five answers need not be sent in until March 20, or month by month, as competitors choose.

FIRST OF FIVE.

1. "To . . . men,
The injuries that they themselves procure
Must be their schoolmasters."
2. ". . . is the curse of God,
Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven."
3. "Let's teach ourselves that honourable . . .
Not to outstop discretion."
4. "Sure, He that made us with such large . . .
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and god-like reason
To fust in us unused."
5. "'Tis not many . . . that make the truth,
But the plain single vow that is vowed true."
6. "'Tis the . . . that makes the body rich."

WHOLE.

"Sweet Earl, divorce not . . . from your honour."

Find the word omitted from each quotation, and give Act and Scene of each reference.

TEA-TABLE TOPICS.

FIVE SHILLINGS awarded each month for the best paragraph received for this column.

Honesty and Japanese Lanterns. I have coupled these together, not to head a police-court paragraph, but to recommend you to group together, for the decoration of your club drawing-rooms, bunches—dried bunches—of the beautiful seed-pods bearing these names. The silver moon-like disks of honesty are well known to all flower-lovers, but the Japanese lantern, *Physalis Franchetti*, an old-fashioned hardy perennial, has only of late years appeared in the markets. (Winter cherry is another common name, but hardly so descriptive of the glowing red and yellow paper-like case in which the scarlet seed-vessel is hidden.) The seeds have remarkable vitality. I bought a large bunch of *Physalis* one autumn in London. For two winters in succession this gave me a glowing mass of colour among my blue china. Then, as the pods had become somewhat tattered and dusty, though no whit faded, I took them out to throw away. One of the dried red berries broke in my hand, scattering its small, flat, orange seeds. I sowed them by way of experiment, and to my surprise, after twenty months spent in the drying climate of the drawing-room, they grew at once. Honesty groups very effectively with these gayer pods, but best with another common drawing-room decoration, peacocks' feathers. The gleaming moons of silver light up the rich soft hues of the peacock eyes in a way that is most satisfying to the artistic sense.

Reading Clubs. Now that lengthening evenings bring to most of us increased time for reading, might we not with advantage adopt in suburban circles, and even in many towns where Free Libraries do not as yet exist, the old-fashioned form of reading club, which is found so useful in the country? Nothing is simpler to organise. Twelve families, let us say, each buy a book—such books as they wish both to read and keep, not mere ephemera. One capable young lady acts as secretary. Each family sends its book to her. She covers them, and writes on each a list of the members of the club, in the order in which the books are to circulate, adding the dates on which each should receive them. Then they are distributed again, and for three months you have a pleasant reason for a weekly walk to your nearest neighbour's house, and something new to read coming to your own. You have, moreover, something of common and varying interest to talk about when you meet, and are independent of the trash provided by the ordinary lending library, during the season when the comfortable oblivion of a good book is most indispensable.

Getting away from Work. No one grudges Paterfamilias his annual holiday. It fills other people with a pure altruistic happiness to see him lounging on the beach of a morning, or heading a cycling party, in his knickerbocker suit and tweed cap, oblivious of office cares. "It will do him all the good in the world to get away from his work for a bit,"

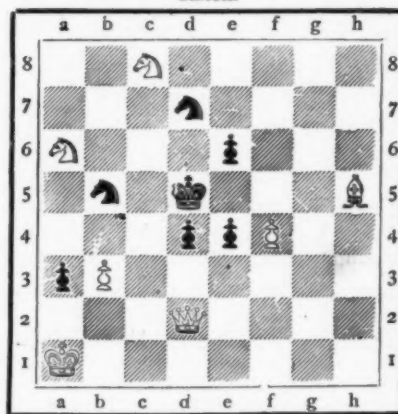
we say benevolently. Very true, but what is sauce for the gander is also sauce for the goose, to apply a homely proverb. Materfamilias needs quite as much to get away from her work now and then, for a thorough rest. When we go as a family to coast or country quarters she is busier than ever. She must foresee, contrive, invent; she must adapt absurdly insufficient means to absolutely indispensable ends; she must have beds, and food, and changes of raiment ready at a moment's notice, for all who come and go, though how she can manage is often a mystery. Where does her holiday come in?

Exchange Visits. Obviously, if the housekeeper is to get away from her work she must not have any housekeeping. The trouble of life in lodgings is not to be thought of, and the expensive ease of hotel life is probably out of the question. Shall she become a paying guest, that well-invented being of modern creation, often as blessed as the quality of mercy? Even the modest expense of a holiday in that character she may grudge to herself, bent as the good soul is on making the winter's economies. For her benefit let us develop the paying-guest system in a new form. Let us institute exchange visits. Who among us tastes such real comfort, such pleasant consideration, as the expected, welcomed, entertained, appreciated guest? Let this be the house-mother's holiday, then. Let her propose an exchange visit with some friend. From town to country, from a quiet to a lively house, and *vice versa*, let them go. A, to be amused, and taken about, and entertained in B's more populous household; B, to be fed up, and nursed, and allowed to rest and read as much as she pleases in that quiet and seclusion which A was beginning to find somewhat dull.

CHESS PROBLEM.

By H. F. L. MEYER.

BLACK.



WHITE.

7 + 7 = 14 pieces.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

Much has been done with the four Knights, but this stratagem shows that new combinations are still possible.

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